

APRIL 2, 1979

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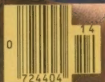
NEXT:
The Challenges
At Home



Psychiatry's Depression



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A Letter from the Publisher

The cover of TIME for Oct. 27, 1924, featured a familiar face with penetrating gaze and neat white beard, and the story inside was sprinkled with what would soon become household words: ego, neurosis, libido. Only one year after the magazine was founded, Sigmund Freud, then 68 years old and still refining psychoanalysis in Vienna, made his first of three cover appearances (he reappeared in 1939 and 1956). Altogether, TIME has published more than a dozen cover stories on psychiatry. This week's article continues that long-running analysis with an examination of the anxieties and doubts that are now, more than ever, besetting Freud's specialty.

Associate Editor John Leo, who suggested and wrote this week's story, first became fascinated with the subject during his college years at the University of Toronto. He was studying modern philosophy at the time, but a chance encounter with a paperback on Freud sent him burrowing through the master's voluminous collected works. Says Leo: "Here were the philosophers playing their bloodless word games, and Freud saying all these amazing things about real life." Now he is convinced that the three greatest thinkers of all time were Aristotle, Freud and Groucho Marx.



Leo and Freud's first cover

Leo continued his interest in psychiatry through subsequent jobs as an editor at *Commonweal*, book editor of the social science magazine *Transaction* (now *Society*), a New York *Times* reporter covering the behavioral sciences, and TIME's behavior writer since 1974. During the past few years he has kept notes on the increasing, well, schizophrenia in the profession. Explains Leo: "Many psychiatrists now doubt they are engaged in a legitimate profession. Some are beginning to wonder if they have any more healing powers than a good bartender."

Furnishing her own experienced analysis of the profession was Ruth Mehrtens Galvin, a senior correspondent who has been specializing in studies of behavior for ten years. Last spring she received the Robert T. Morse Writer's Award from the American Psychiatric Association for her "outstanding contributions to the public understanding" of the discipline. For this story she drew on interviews with biochemists, social workers, patients, psychologists and psychiatrists and on conferences she has attended across the U.S. and in Europe. "What has always impressed me most about psychiatrists," says Galvin, "has been their capacity for self-criticism. That psychoanalytic imperative to examine one's own motives, all the time, seems to me Freud's most important legacy."

John C. Meyers

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Cover: Illustration by Robert Giusti.



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Letters

Low Ratings

To the Editors:

Isn't it curious that there's such universal agreement on the poor quality of many of today's TV shows [March 12], yet these very same programs are the ones that garner the highest ratings? Someone must be watching. Who, and why?

Jay T. Lindell
Bayside, N.Y.

I hope Mork from Ork survives many five-year contracts. This old planet is ready for him!

Patricia M. Dickeson
Bloomington, Minn.



Because the best shows are pitted against one another, we viewers switch stations frantically during the commercials. Soon the advertisers will realize this, and TV will lose its revenue.

Linda Reilly
Old Orchard, Me.

Right Response

The right response to Middle East crises [March 12] would be for President Carter to issue a White Paper declaring to the whole world, foe and friend alike, that oil is indispensable to the life of the American people, and that the U.S. will use all of its might and resources to protect the supply of oil, wherever it may be.

Sam Genitberg
El Cerrito, Calif.

I am not surprised that the "U.S. has lost its power to do almost anything it wanted around the world." It must convince other nations that the U.S. has their interests in mind rather than looking on them as just a source for oil.

Ramesh Mishra
Berkeley, Calif.

The most serious dangers for America do not arise from its so-called political weakness, but from the inability or

unwillingness of its people to deal with problems like inflation or the waste of oil and natural gas.

Kai-Uwe Klinge
Göttingen, West Germany

Yes, Jimmy Carter's foreign policy is inept. He has not been able to start even a little war.

Pablo Carter
Mexico City

Tax Time

Yeah, I'd feel the "U.S. [tax] system is fair and equitable" too if I were Henry and Richard Bloch with their \$81 million [March 12]. When better than half of all taxpayers seek out professional tax preparers to guide them through the mind-stunning incomprehensibility and convoluted jargon, one understands why our present tax code is referred to as the "C.P.A.s' and Tax Preparers' Relief Act."

Thomas J. Adams
Acampo, Calif.

You mention income tax time as when "the ides of April draw near." According to the ancient Roman calendar, however, the ides of April were not April 15 but April 13, as shown in this mnemonic jingle that I learned in Latin classes:

*In March, July, October, May
The ides fall on the 15th day
The nones the seventh; all besides
Have two less days for the
nones and ides.*

Muzette Z. Diefenthal
Roselle, Ill.

Eating Kosher

There is no reason to be surprised at the Egyptian delegation's ordering kosher food [March 5]. The Koran says: "The food of the People of the Book is lawful unto you." Thus, for an orthodox Muslim traveling in the West, the most convenient way to obey his dietary laws obviously is to eat kosher food.

Josef Marcuse
Wunstorf, West Germany

Harte in the Right Place

I chuckled at Historian Barbara Tuchman's [March 12] certainty that "every French town has an Avenue Victor Hugo. We never have a Mark Twain Street." Greetings from my house on Mark Twain Street, Palo Alto, Calif. We're one block west of Bret Harte Street.

Susan L.S. Dondershtine
Palo Alto, Calif.

Barbara Tuchman's lament is a well-intentioned reminder of our reluctance to honor our artists and thinkers. But the comparison is unfortunate. Twain was a humorist and satirist who was as much

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Letters

taken in by the Gilded Age as he was critical of it; Hugo was a lyric poet and epic novelist—and, what's more, a political hero. His exile was a symbol of opposition to tyranny.

To get a street named after you, you have to be a great human being as well as a great writer or artist.

Peter Brier
Clermont-Ferrand, France

Carnival Spirit

The male-female ratio problem exists at Dartmouth (March 12), that's for sure, and most fraternity boys and sorority girls, myself included, like to go wild on the big Winter Carnival weekend, but you made it sound as though every male on campus is out to "score" and every Dartmouth female is obese, boring and uglier than sin. Not so. Dartmouth College has a lot more to offer than drunk men and homely women.

Molly Sundberg, '81
Hanover, N.H.

Some Dartmouth men appreciate Dartmouth women. And vice versa.

Katherine Van Weelden Saunders, '76
Norman W. Saunders, '76
Theford, Vt.

On Civil Servants

I wish the "James North" who wrote so critically about federal bureaucracy (March 5) luck on his new job, or better I should wish it to his new employer. Sure, the civil service system has faults, but after two years he could only see the negative and decided to give it up. Next to him, mediocrity doesn't look so bad.

(Mrs.) Geraldine Hanna
Morrisville, N.Y.

The appalling thing is that we are forced to support these arrogant bureaucratic parasites. Sometimes I wish ours were a totalitarian society, where those who did not perform would be banished to the salt mines.

Jan Smit
Coconut Grove, Fla.

Renovation for a Landmark

Reader Steve Smalling compared the second constitutional convention to a remake of *Gone With the Wind* with Woody Allen as Rhett and Phyllis Diller as Scarlett (March 12). Personally, I prefer to think of it as the renovation of a historical landmark that if left alone would soon fall into decay and oblivion. Even the White House has to have a coat of paint now and then.

Tera J. Selby
Linden, Ala.

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*Rembrandt: 200TH YEAR OF REMBRANDT 1606-1669
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, the portrait of Rembrandt, 1669*



Photo: Michael J. DeStefano



ssso and the rest



Pablo Picasso: *GIRL WITH AN AMBER SHIRT*, 1907
The Museum of Modern Art, New York City



Rembrandt, Degas and the Temple of Dendur are at the Met this week, and will be next week—waiting for you. Picasso and Matisse and Warhol are waiting at the Modern. New York is a storehouse of treasures—held in trust for the rest of the nation.*

It's a city that moves to many rhythms: the early morning jogger along the river, the ancient carriage clop-clopping through the Park, the jets crisscrossing the sky above. You can move as fast or as slow as you want in New York—and always feel the exhilaration of the city moving along with you.

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Next: Challenges at Home

A peace pact at hand, but the inflation and energy wars rage on

There is something about the serenity of the place that inspires a spirit of new beginnings. It was at Camp David, in the far reaches of Maryland's Catoctin Mountains, that Jimmy Carter initiated his most stimulating success as President six months ago: his summitry that broke 30 years of bloodshed and stalemate to make possible a peace treaty between Egypt and Israel. Last week Carter returned to the mount to seek a new start on the two persistent and interrelated domestic problems that most endanger his presidency: inflation and energy.

For eight hours, the President and a dozen advisers explored all the troublesome options they might choose to deal with both threats. They came to no sweeping decision. But by the time they emerged from the woods to face the harsh political realities of the capital, Carter had decided to lay out a new energy policy for the nation this Thursday. Late last week Carter also announced that his Administration would step up monitoring of prices and he would use "all his legal authority" to ride hard on future price increases.

Both the economy and Carter's fragile political position demand quick action. Indeed, at week's end the Administration reported that the Consumer Price Index, for February had risen an alarming 1.2%, the largest monthly jump in the cost of living since 1974. If that rate were to continue, inflation would leap 15.4% in twelve months. Carter had predicted an increase of 7.4% for 1979.

An Associated Press-NBC News poll taken last week showed that the President's peacemaking role, while widely applauded, had not transformed his presidency. True, 44% of those questioned gave high approval to Carter's conduct of foreign policy, a rise of 9 points in one month. But 47% rated his handling of energy problems as poor—the most negative rating ever accorded Carter by the poll—and 41% had the same low estimate of his management of the economy. His overall approval was a lowly 29%, up only 1 point from last month.

For a few days, however, Carter could bask in the well-deserved glory of his Middle East breakthrough. Back to Washing-

ton once more went Israel's Menachem Begin and Egypt's Anwar Sadat, this time to sign the historic treaty in a ceremony set for prime-time TV viewing, via satellite, in their home nations.

Before the public festivities, Carter expected to meet singly with both Sadat and Begin in hopes of reviving the good will marred by some harsh pre-signing words last week (see WORLD). Said one Carter

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"And now, in this hat—"

aid: "We need a cease-fire on rhetoric right now." The actual signing would be in the early afternoon before 1,500 guests, including the entire Congress, who would assemble on the front lawn of the Executive Mansion. The evening was to include an ecumenical religious service at the Lincoln Memorial and a lavish state dinner on the South Lawn of the White House. On Tuesday, Sadat and Begin were scheduled to address members of the two chambers of Congress.

Coincidentally, on the very day planned for the treaty signing, members of the Organization of Petroleum Export-

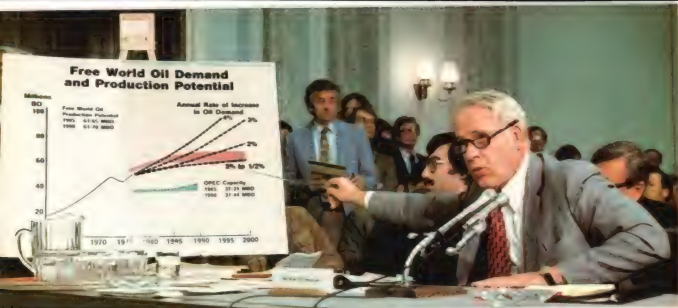
ing Countries were to meet in Geneva. And not at all coincidentally, the Arab nations were expected to exact a penalty for a treaty they abhor by once again raising the price of oil. Even Saudi Arabia, which has long been a moderating influence in OPEC, disapproves of the Israeli-Egyptian pact enough to agree that oil should be used as a retaliatory political weapon against the U.S. But more than ideology and power politics would be at work in Geneva. There was also the simple desire to make fatter profits. Since the curtailment of oil from Iran, all OPEC nations have already hiked oil prices. At the very least, the U.S. can expect that the Geneva meeting of OPEC will speed up the 14.5% price increases previously scheduled for 1979.

At hearings of the Senate Committee on Energy and Natural Resources, the subject was world oil supplies, but Democratic Senator Frank Church was so peeved by the economic failures of his own Administration that he swept the horizon: "We are running up the largest balance of payments deficit in our history and watching the dollar fade on the international markets. I just think it's an absolutely inexcusable failure of performance."

Testifying at the same hearings, Assistant Energy Secretary Harry E. Bergold Jr. warned that the OPEC nations were also considering reducing oil production, a move that could increase the shortages that are already occurring at scattered U.S. gasoline stations. Some stations faced with limited supplies have been closing earlier or on weekends. There was even a sign at Billy Carter's station in Plains last week reading: OUT OF GAS.

Fearing a long shortage, American buyers of new cars are making such a run on diesel-fueled Volkswagen Rabbits and Mercedes-Benz models that in some cases delivery takes up to six months. Customers have been willing to pay \$2,000 above list price to get a Rabbit.

Any rise in the price of imported oil coming out of the OPEC meeting in Geneva is also going to hurt Carter's struggling anti-inflation program. The President invited Democratic congressional leaders to a White House breakfast last week and talked worriedly about the



Energy Secretary James Schlesinger using chart to show a Senate committee that oil demands are exceeding anticipated supplies
What was good for energy was bad for the economy, and what was good for the nation looked bad for Jimmy Carter.

economy. Carter confessed to the Congressmen that he was not very hopeful about slowing inflation. The reason: the U.S. economy is showing such unexpected strength that the recession predicted for this year by many economists may not occur until later. Presidential aides cited figures indicating that the economy grew at a robust annual rate of 6.9% in the final quarter of last year, pretax corporate earnings soared at an annual rate of 26.4% over the year before, and unemployment dropped to 5.7%, its lowest level in 4½ years. All that normally good news suggested an economy growing too fast to thwart inflation.

One reason the Camp David meeting produced divided counsel was that other economic indicators reflected weaknesses. Acknowledged one Carter economist: "We're having more trouble with diagnosis than prognosis at this point." Hous-

ing starts fell from 2 million in December to 1.4 million in February, and retail sales showed little or no growth in January and February. The presence of Federal Reserve Chairman G. William Miller at the conference suggested that the Administration might be considering ways to further restrain consumer credit. The President was granted authority in 1969 to ask the Fed to apply such restrictions during periods of high inflation. Yet these would primarily affect the buying of homes, cars and other expensive items, sales that are already beginning to slow.

Administration experts fear that they may not be sure for another two months whether the economy is heading up or down. But well before then, Carter's voluntary wage and price guidelines will have faced some crucial tests. Foremost is the trucking indus-

try's bargaining now under way with the Teamsters union, which is seeking pay raises as high as 38% over three years, far beyond those permitted under the guidelines. Unions generally cite rising corporate profits (see **ECONOMY & BUSINESS**) as one reason to demand bigger raises. Alfred Kahn, the Administration's top inflation fighter, concedes some merit in labor's claim and protests that "the business community has not been assuming their full responsibility in the anti-inflation fight." However, the acerbic economist contends that any settlement that goes beyond the guidelines would be "an act of aggression against the American people."

What can the Administration do beyond tightening the guidelines? Kahn has ordered the Council on Wage and Price Stability to increase its monitoring of medium and small companies, which he con-

Springtime Gala

To celebrate the signing of the peace treaty, the White House was planning to give the largest state dinner in its history. Some 1,300 guests were to enjoy a variety of wines and a roast beef entrée as they sat under red-and-yellow-striped tents pitched on the south lawn. A staff of 260 cooks and waiters was assembled to serve the 130 round tables, covered with yellow, green and white cloths, and decorated with hurricane lamps and forsythia branches. The diners, including congressional leaders, prominent Americans of both Jewish and Arab ancestry, and members of the press corps, were to be entertained by American Opera Star Leontyne Price, as well as distinguished musicians from Egypt and Israel.



A lovely apparition floats over the White House lawn—the tent for the state dinner

Nation

siders the biggest violators of the price limits. The council would like to make an example of some of the offending firms. Admits one of the council officials: "We're really anxious to find somebody who's not complying." Carter and Kahn are trying to pressure Congress to approve the Administration's real wage insurance plan, under which union members who settle for a contract within the guidelines would be compensated by tax credits for any rise in inflation above 7%. But that proposal seems hopelessly buried in the House Ways and Means Committee.

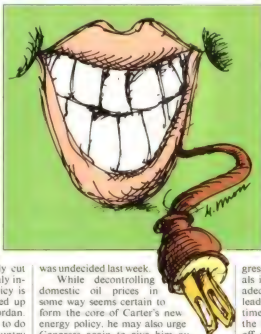
At his breakfast with the Democratic leaders, Carter was warned again by House Speaker Tip O'Neill and Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd to hold back on social legislation. Said Byrd: "We're not going to be trying to pass a lot of new programs." But Carter had long ago received that message, loud and clear. As evidence, H.W. Secretary Joseph Califano last week revealed that the Administration intends to introduce only a modest national health plan this year. Carter had campaigned on a pledge to fight for a comprehensive medical insurance program, but his proposal would simply improve existing coverage, protect against catastrophic medical bills and cost \$10 billion to \$15 billion a year after it is fully implemented. It would not start until 1983, and then only if the Administration's hospital cost-containment bill was passed. "A serious disappointment," said Senator Ted Kennedy, the champion of comprehensive insurance on the Hill.

Carter's fight to check price rises runs directly counter to his second main challenge: making the U.S. less dependent on foreign oil. A rise in oil prices would probably cut consumption, but also would certainly increase inflation. "Good energy policy is not good economic policy," summed up White House Aide Hamilton Jordan. Added another adviser: "We've got to do what is in the best interests of the country—but it's damn hard to see how anything we do will be in the best interests of Jimmy Carter."

What can Carter do? The 94th Congress gave the President authority to lift all controls on the price of most domestic crude oil effective June 1, a step that would make a trip to the gas station more expensive. At Camp David, Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal and Energy Secretary James Schlesinger urged the President to take such action. But Vice President Walter Mondale and Presidential Counsel Stuart Eizenstat complained that this would be a blow to low-income families. At the very least, they argued, decontrol should be phased in. Nevertheless, a consensus did develop at Camp David that domestic oil must be per-

mitted to climb closer to world market prices in an effort both to discourage U.S. consumption and inspire American companies to produce more domestic oil. "The decision," agreed one participant, "is not if we will decontrol, but when."

White House aides insist that Carter has not yet made up his mind. He could take the dramatic step of immediate decontrol, or he could choose the more modest, but politically safer option of gradually lifting controls on specified types of U.S. oil over two years. Carter is likely to ask Congress to include an excess profits tax that would prevent the oil companies from reaping a sudden bonanza. But whether he will urge that this tax be rebated to low-income families, be set aside for oil exploration or used to reduce his budget deficit apparently



was undecided last week.

While decontrolling domestic oil prices in some way seems certain to form the core of Carter's new energy policy, he may also urge Congress again to give him authority to apply mandatory controls on the temperatures in public buildings, order weekend closing of gas stations and restrict outdoor lighting. Carter presumably will make another pitch for voluntary conservation, asking Americans to cut out frivolous auto travel, observe the 55-m.p.h. speed limit, turn off unneeded lights and appliances and set home heating thermostats no higher than 65°.

The President will probably continue to pressure industry to convert from the use of oil to plentiful natural gas or, where feasible, to coal. The latter will require a relaxation of some clean-air standards, a compromise Carter apparently is ready to make. He will again urge the passage of legislation to speed up licensing of nuclear power plants. It now takes ten to twelve years for most of the new facilities

to be built and to meet all of the regulatory requirements.

Speaking for the Governors of the 50 states, Colorado's Richard Lamm told the Senate Energy Committee, headed by Washington Democrat Henry Jackson, that if the Federal Government did not act decisively on energy, the states were prepared to do so. Lamm said that various states were considering several measures to conserve gas and oil. They include new state taxes that would increase the cost of fuel, clamping limits on gasoline purchases to discourage hoarding, encouraging mass transportation instead of private driving by making school buses available for commuting, and limiting the energy consumed by business firms.

As they consider the scope of the problem and the Administration's response, some officials in the Energy Department are frank enough to say that not nearly enough is being done. They argue that Carter should act as boldly at home as he has abroad. They urge him to use the power he holds under current law to allocate crude oil and petroleum products, a step that would reduce the overall amount of those products for sale. But the White House views such a move as a last-resort option. Another is gas rationing, though Carter is seeking stand-by authority to impose it.

The President launched his "comprehensive" energy program with much fanfare in 1977. It languished for 18 months in Congress, partly because it was ill conceived, partly because of Carter's weak leadership and partly because a consensus has never developed in the country on how to tackle such a politically divisive problem. Congress finally mangled the Carter proposals into a package that was woefully inadequate to handle the problem. Some leaders on Capitol Hill claim that this time they are ready to act decisively—if the President does. The Iranian oil cutoff, says one key House Committee strategist, "gives Carter what he lacked before, a good crisis. He's finally got his *Mayaguez*. That's the way to get action up here. He has the votes now for a tough policy."

Certainly the nation would be well served if both President and Congress accept the political risks involved in establishing a strong energy policy. But there are huge sums of money at stake, the lobbying will be fierce and the will of Americans to forgo some of their energy-consuming comforts has yet to be demonstrated. On the other hand, if the leaders of Egypt and Israel, with Jimmy Carter's help, can try to put all those years of warfare behind them, perhaps the country, with the President's help, can reach agreement on how to overcome a crippling dependency on foreign fuel.

"I Have a Job to Do"

A "special counsel" is assigned to probe those peanut loans

Attorney General Griffin Bell had argued for months that his own people in the Justice Department could objectively investigate the loans, upwards of \$46 million, made by Bert Lance's Atlanta bank to the Carter peanut warehouse in Plains, Ga. It was a hard argument to sustain. Not only was Bell a Democrat, of course, but he was an old friend of the Carters' and of Lance. Faced with increasing criticism, Bell last week finally decided to put the probe into other hands. His choice was highly qualified: Paul Jerome Curran, 45, who not only is a Republican but had been the U.S. Attorney in New York City.

But as it turned out, Bell's problems were far from over. Trying to resist any

pace of the peanut probe all along, immediately protested Bell's action, saying that he had not gone far enough to free the special counsel from possible Justice Department interference. Republican Presidential Hopeful Robert Dole called the special counsel role "a perversion of the whole concept of an impartial investigation." Said Senate Minority Leader Howard Baker, who is also expected to declare for the presidency: "It is not proper for the Administration to be dragged kicking and screaming into this investigation."

Nor was the criticism confined to the Republicans. None other than Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd took to the floor to express keen disappointment in Bell's action. He thought that the Attorney Gen-



Special Counsel Curran (left) with Assistant Attorney General Heymann

comparison with Watergate, Bell made Curran a "special counsel," not a "special prosecutor," the title carried by Archibald Cox and Leon Jaworski when they led the investigations that helped to bring about Richard Nixon's downfall. There was one important difference: unlike the special prosecutors, Curran would not have the power to charge anyone on his own. He would first have to get the approval of Assistant Attorney General Philip Heymann.

Bell promised that Curran would not be overruled unless "the special counsel's decisions were grossly inconsistent with well-established prosecutorial standards." The Attorney General also said that any veto by Heymann of Curran's request would be reported to Congress and the public. In those circumstances—and the certainty that Republicans would be screaming, "Cover-up!"—Heymann would have needed very strong nerves indeed to veto any request by Curran to prosecute. Said Heymann last week: "I can't imagine it."

Republicans in Congress, who had been complaining about the dawdling

eral should have named Curran as special prosecutor, and he asked that the appointee be given "explicit protection against removal except for extraordinary improprieties."

That was enough for Bell. Two days later he called a press conference to announce that Curran would not have to get Heymann's approval if he wanted to prosecute someone. One restriction upon Curran's authority does remain. He still must get approval from Justice before asking a court to grant a witness immunity from prosecution. Bell said, correctly, that Jaworski himself had operated under a similar restriction. Bell added that Curran could be removed from office "only for extraordinary impropriety, physical disability, mental incapacity or any other condition that substantially impairs [his] performance."

The strengthening of Curran's status was greeted with applause. Said Robert McClory, senior Republican on the House Judiciary Committee: "The American people have at last been assured that the investigation of these matters will be untainted. For this, I extend my thanks to



Bert Lance; Carter and collateral



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The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

The Truth Must Out

the Attorney General." Senator Dole praised Bell for acting "in the best interest of the nation and the President." He said that Bell "has apparently moved in the right direction to allay fears that justice might not be done in this case."

Curran will be able to use FBI and Justice Department personnel, and he has plans to form a small staff of his own. He has authority to pursue all questions about the peanut loans. At one point, the company was \$500,000 behind in its payments. Implicit in the investigation is the question of whether any of the loan money was illegally used in Carter's campaign in 1976. The investigation will certainly entail a detailed look at the tangled affairs of Billy Carter, who operated the family business while his brother was running for the White House.

Curran will not be joining the main Justice Department investigation of possible violations of the banking laws by Lance. Now 18 months old, this probe reportedly is ready to produce indictments against the man that Carter made director of the Office of Management and Budget. However, Curran will be able to investigate Lance's role in the peanut loans.

In the end, the powers granted Paul Curran will be less important than how aggressively he attacks his job. Those who know him well in New York back him strongly. Says Robert Morgenthau, Manhattan's Democratic district attorney: "There won't be any cover-up with Paul running the investigation." Michael Armstrong, counsel to the Knapp Commission, which investigated New York City police corruption, says, "Curran's tough enough to indict when he should and tough enough not to indict when he shouldn't."

A jaunty and burly Irish-Catholic father of seven, Curran was U.S. Attorney in New York from 1973 to 1975. During his term, he convicted Mafia boss Carmine ("Mr. Gribbs") Tramunti for trafficking in narcotics, and helped send Bernard Bergman to jail for operating a chain of nursing homes that were defrauding the Government. From 1968 to 1973, Curran was a member of the New York State commission of investigation, working on cases involving the awards of sweetheart contracts, pornography in Times Square and real estate tax swindles.

Curran is confident about his new position and claims to be undaunted by the possibility that his probe could involve the President of the U.S. Says he: "I have the tools to do the job. I will talk to anybody and everybody I have to. I will pursue this investigation wherever the facts lead."

With skepticism still running high about the Carter warehouse probe, Curran will be watched closely, a fact that he knows full well. Says he: "I have a job to do regardless of the public's attitudes. The people can judge later whether I've done it or not."

One of the many reasons evasion of the truth is not a good idea in the presidency these days is that it does not work.

Duplicity lay at the heart of both our modern political tragedies—Viet Nam and Watergate. It came in many forms. There was Richard Nixon's audacious attempt to fool 70 million television viewers about his role in the political scandal, and there was Lyndon Johnson's budgetary sleight of hand to disguise \$10 billion in war costs. In between there were fibs and fudges, convenient losses of memory, tampering with records, feigned confusion and phony definitions of words and phrases. One way or another, it was all designed to obscure the truth. One way or another, it was all done in the name of the greater national interest. But in the end, it all came down in the American mind to a short, blunt outrage—lying.

For four years we arrested thoughtful consideration of what we ought to be doing in the world while we rooted out the facts of these repellent intrigues and devised means to prevent them from recurring. We learned during this national catharsis that there is no Fail-Safe system to guarantee that truth will out. So it is the most natural thing in the world that the U.S. sensitivity to truth—or the lack of it—in the presidency is about as finely tuned as any national instinct. For the man in the White House, there is no escape from the facts.

Why Jimmy Carter, a political product of our search for honor, has allowed these old shadows of doubt to flicker again is incomprehensible. But last week the stories of the Carter peanut-warehouse loan and the appointment of a "special counsel" to investigate generated new concerns about truth at the top.



The President greeting Brother Billy

There are only a few unforgiving people in Washington who believe that there is a Watergate pattern in this Lance-Carter affair that reaches into the Oval Office. Most people are convinced that Carter is as honest a President as we have had in modern times. But almost everyone in this capital believes that if Carter does not move quickly and decisively to manifest his innocence, his silence will ripen into another great national doubt about presidential honor.

Almost from the start of his Administration, there have been reminders of years gone by. His flexible policies, his easy use of hyperbole, his variable definitions of statements have sometimes suggested a man so bent on capturing friends that language became too casual. In his eagerness to cast himself in the best light, he occasionally appears to bend the facts to fit the moment. His skein of contradictory statements about the reasons for firing U.S. Attorney David Marston, who was probing political corruption in Pennsylvania, was most likely one of those convenient misunderstandings, probably a tiny incident in Carter's mind to get him over a small embarrassment.

In those early months of his Administration, his appreciation of the difference between the importance of such acts in the White House and the tolerant Southern view of human frailty afforded family and longtime friends was not fully developed. When his confidant Bert Lance got into trouble, Carter could not divorce himself from one he knew so well. Yet these lapses have been minor. Carter's basic integrity has remained intact.

His special love of wayward Brother Billy is perfectly understandable, but his reluctance to place the presidency and the national interest before family has spawned some doubt about his motives in the current environment. The trauma of the past few years can consume him just as surely as the others before him, if clear and complete explanations are not produced—and soon.

Taking temporary refuge in legalities is not enough in the presidency. This goes beyond the technicalities of the law. Judy Powell's "welcoming" the appointment of the special counsel to "provide reassurance" is a distressingly familiar refrain from a dark past.

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The chiefs on Capitol Hill: Army's Rogers, Air Force's Allen, Marines' Wilson, Navy's Hayward

Uncle Sam Wants Who?

Congress edgily considers reviving some form of the draft

During the late stages of the Viet Nam War, military conscription was so despised by so many Americans that it spawned a new class of nonviolent criminals: young men who tore up draft cards or fled to Canada or Sweden to avoid induction. Since then, the U.S. has shifted to an all-volunteer force, and no one has been called up since 1972. But last week Congress reluctantly was again considering reinstating the draft, or at least some of its preliminary steps.

The reason is simply that voluntary enlistments are not supplying the necessary numbers of servicemen and reservists. Despite good pay (\$419 a month minimum for a private) and even enlistment bonuses (\$1,000 to \$3,000), recruiting drives fell 10% short of meeting their goals in the last quarter of 1978. Far more worrisome, the Army's reserves are shockingly below strength. The Army's Individual Ready Reserve, composed of men who have completed their active duty but are subject to quick call-up, is supposed to number 700,000, but actually has fewer than 200,000. That shortage could be critical. The IRR would supply replacements for soldiers killed or wounded in the early weeks of war, and, as the Arab-Israeli clash in 1973 proved, modern weapons can cause heavy casualties at a farsome rate.

The draft machinery is so rusty that the Pentagon no longer even knows how many eligible men are in the prime 18-to-26 age group, or where they reside. Registering, classifying and sending the first draftee to basic training would take 110 days, and by that time the Soviets might have scored major victories in a European ground war.

After defending the all-volunteer

force for years, the admirals and the generals are now admitting that they are worried about recruiting. "The trend is unmistakably down," says General Louis H. Wilson, Marine commandant. But not even the Pentagon wants to crank up the old draft again. General David C. Jones, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, admits that "there were tremendous inequities in the previous Selective Service." The service chiefs, however, want registration revived and the draft machinery oiled up. Going one big step further, General Bernard W. Rogers, the Army's Chief of Staff, favors calling up about 75,000 to 100,000 young men a year, keeping them on active service for several months, and then assigning them to the IRR for six years.

Any peacetime revival of the draft is bitterly opposed as an infringement of freedom by such groups as the antiwar Friends Committee and the American Civil Liberties Union.

Nonetheless, there is a growing feeling on Capitol Hill that the all-volunteer force is a failure, as long argued by Senator John C. Stennis, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee. Bills before Congress range from requiring only registration to reconstituting the old-fashioned draft. There is even talk of making women register. One other proposal would set up a "national service" program that would allow draftees to go into uniform or work at useful civilian jobs.

Despite the serious manpower shortage, Congress is in no mood to vote for a draft, not in peacetime, not with an election coming up. The most that Congress can probably be persuaded to accept this session is some form of registration. ■

Sky Jams

NASA advises pilots: Look out!

The collision of a Boeing 727 and a tiny Cessna over San Diego that killed 144 last September raised a disturbing question: How often do planes come harrowing close to each other in the crowded U.S. skies? In an unpublished report now being circulated among Government and industry aviation experts for comment, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration supplies some answers, and they are not reassuring.

Between July 1, 1976, and Nov. 30, 1978, NASA collected 2,856 confidential reports from pilots describing near mid-air collisions, 65% of them in the vicinity of airports. That comes to 11.9 near misses for each million flights, or four times the rate that the Federal Aviation Administration estimates. One reason for the higher figure: pilots may be more willing to report near misses to NASA because the agency grants them anonymity, which the FAA does not.

Near miss rates varied widely among airports, from 94 per million flights at Sacramento, Calif., to zero at many secondary city fields. Among the 23 busiest commercial terminals, John F. Kennedy Airport in New York City had the highest rate, 49 per million flights; Kansas City, Mo., the lowest, 9.* NASA found the highest near crash rates to be in areas where pilots fly under the direction of ground controllers who use sophisticated radar equipment.

Representatives of private pilots saw the report as evidence that the FAA is wrong in trying to require more elaborate ground control at an additional 44 airports, which would force pilots of small planes to install costly equipment if they used those fields. Actually, no plane could take off or land safely at a crowded airport without this gear. NASA's own interpretation is that pilots are relying too heavily on ground radar to give them a precise reading on all planes in their area, which it cannot do, and are not depending enough on their eyes. Charles Spence, spokesman for the Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association, agrees. Says he: "If the airspace is totally under the control of the air traffic controller, there is a tremendous sense that Big Brother is watching on radar and that the pilot doesn't really have to look out the window."

The problem for pilots is that as they approach major airports, they must concentrate on the controllers' signals, diverting their visual attention from the skies. Concludes the report, in a considerable understatement: "A way must be found to resolve this very real dilemma." ■

* The worst after J.F.K. Newark, 34; Philadelphia, 33; Cleveland, 32; Los Angeles, 29; Atlanta and Pittsburgh, tied for sixth at 27; La Guardia, eighth at 25.

Tale of Two Rookies

In Massachusetts, boos for Ed; in Alabama, cheers for Fob

Helped by the voter backlash against professional politicians, newcomers to politics won gubernatorial elections in several states last year. Among them were two Democrats: Massachusetts' Ed King, a former professional football lineman and director of the state port authority, and Alabama's Fob James, a millionaire manufacturer of sporting goods. Both charged into office in January promising business-like administrations and a fresh approach to solving problems. Since they have taken office, however, the two have met with astonishingly different results: King is foundering badly, while James is off to a successful start.



KING: "Everything I'm for, the people are for."

fare mothers gathered on Beacon Hill to protest. King refused to meet with them. He ordered a limit on the number of indigent elderly persons who can be accepted by state-funded nursing homes, producing howls of protest. Last week King backed down, saying the limit was only temporary.

Although his own state budget reflected a 4% increase, the new Governor imposed a spending ceiling on every municipality in the state as a step toward meeting his campaign promise of a \$500 million reduction in property taxes. Mayors and other local officials protested so loudly that King retreated a bit, agreeing that if two-thirds of a community's voters approved higher spending, its cap would be lifted. Still, most Massachusetts politicians regard the effort as ham-handed, taking no account of growth or inflation. Says a state senator: "Things are more professional on the Quincy city council."

Even King's own associates admit that the burly, lantern-jawed Governor is off to an incredibly bad start. Says an aide: "It's really lack of knowledge. The Governor doesn't know how to run the state. He doesn't listen. Small events shut him out of major events. He has no concept of how to delegate. His appointees, with rare exceptions, are third rate. He writes notes about everything. Most of them get lost. During his first eleven weeks in office, we've spent as much time trying to prevent things as to do things." It is not uncommon for cabinet members to give orders that conflict with orders previously given by King. Aides say he is often impulsive, telephoning agency chiefs and ordering actions the consequences of which he has not considered at all. Says State Democratic Chairman Chester Atkins: "I hope he can turn things around. There's blood in the water, and the sharks are heading for it."

In fact, some Democrats are so distressed with King that they have fruitlessly searched the statute books in hopes that a recall election could be held. A Governor of Massachusetts can be removed only by impeachment. And, complains a King critic, State Representative Barney Frank: "Incompetence is not an impeachable offense."

Although King won the election easily, he has now dropped to a mere 28% approval rating in the polls. Despite his nosedive, most Massachusetts business leaders are still enthusiastic about him and his campaign promise to attract new industries to the state. Says John Hancock Insurance Executive J. Edwin Matz: "If he does only a fraction of what he's trying to do, he'll accomplish a lot."

King is unfazed by the criticism. He still manages to jog every morning, usu-

ally near his home in suburban Winthrop. He also attends Catholic Mass daily. During his chauffeured ride to the statehouse, he reads memos and documents. He tries to spend one or two evenings a week with his family, but puts in seven days a week at his office.

In defending himself, he notes, correctly, that he has expanded the state's mental health program. To those who have attacked his welfare policies, King says: "No one will be thrown out on the streets."

He insists that he has a high regard for polls but confesses that he cannot understand the reasons behind his decline in them. Says he: "Everything I'm for, the people are for." In any event, he believes that if he can reduce taxes, the voters will forget about his early blunders and return him to office in 1982.



JAMES: "Judge me by the bottom line."

During the campaign, Forrest Hood James Jr. (nicknamed Fob, as was his father) promised voters "a new beginning," and that is exactly what he has started to deliver. After only 65 days as Governor of one of the nation's poorest, most ill-managed states, James, 44, has turned Alabama's political establishment on its head. Among his surprising moves: ► Immediately after being sworn into office, he began to reduce the state payroll. About 500 people have left government jobs, including many of former Governor George Wallace's cronies. James also imposed a hiring freeze to trim waste. The firings were dubbed the Tuesday Massacre, and bumper stickers soon appeared on the axed bureaucrats' cars, saying: I VOTED FOR FOB AND LOST MY JOB.

► At James' request, Federal District Judge Frank M. Johnson Jr. gave him the authority to bypass the state board of corrections and end barbaric conditions in Alabama's prison system. Johnson had been at loggerheads with Wallace and the

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board since ruling in 1976 that the prisons were "junglelike" and constituted cruel and unusual punishment.

► To replace the cumbersome state constitution, James has proposed a streamlined document containing several explosive changes, including home rule for local governments. Under the present constitution, a statewide vote is required if a city wants to impose something as minor as a mosquito abatement tax.

► To the annoyance of the state's teachers, James has ordered that achievement tests be given to students in public elementary schools and has suggested that a method be devised to grade teachers as well. His object is to pinpoint problem schools. James has also proposed diverting \$70 million from the state's sprawling, 58-campus higher education system to elementary and secondary schools; Alabama now ranks 47th in the nation in expenditures per pupil.

Instead of political hangers-on, James has appointed experts to run state agencies. He chose a 34-year-old investment whiz as state finance director and a 49-year-old systems analyst as conservation commissioner. James ordered staffers to stop accepting gifts of liquor or football tickets for their services, limited his top aides' salaries to \$36,000 (\$1,500 less than the legal maximum) and instructed them to work on some state holidays. His personal staff is young and dedicated, and was quickly nicknamed the James Gang.

The Governor himself works 13-hour days and also weekends, seemingly oblivious to the normal practices of Alabama politics. He had to be persuaded by aides to pose for his official photograph, and he even canceled a state-paid obituary clipping service, which enabled Wallace to send letters of condolence to the bereaved. James ambles around the statehouse in torn shirts and scuffed shoes. He shows a surprising lack of interest in publicity; last week he neglected to alert most of the statehouse press corps when he made a surprise visit to two prisoners and chatted with inmates. Said the blunt Governor to one: "If I ever catch you in here again, I'll whip your ass."

Some legislators warn, however, that the somewhat naive Fob James style may get the Governor in trouble after the legislature convenes this month. Many of his proposals face tough opposition, including a request to raise the gasoline tax to pay for highway repairs. Notes one legislative insider: "He hasn't learned to play by the rules, and in some cases he doesn't care."

James indeed seems not to care. Says he: "Judge me by the bottom line—literacy, jobs, per capita income. I'm going to figure out what's right and do it. If it is right, the people will support it." So far, they have. Preliminary poll results show him with a 69% favorable performance rating, higher than Wallace ever commanded during his twelve years in the Governor's office. ■



GOP Presidential Contender John Connally delivering a speech in Bedford, N.H.

Big John's Ten-Gallon Candidacy

He is turning on the Republican rank and file

Republican Party pros scoffed when Big John Connally, 62, announced that he was running for President. "A slick Lyndon Johnson," sneered one, "A wheeler-dealer in a sharkskin suit," glibed another. Now, only two months later, the jeering has stopped. Concedes Nevada Senator Paul Laxalt, campaign chairman for Front Runner Ronald Reagan: "Connally is coming on like gangbusters."

The former Texas Governor has got off to such a fast start that he has become Reagan's principal rival for the nomination in a race that most political experts predict will be settled in the early state primaries. The first is in New Hampshire, eleven months from now. Last week Connally, accompanied by Wife Nellie and a van of political reporters, made his first foray into the state since announcing his candidacy. In speeches and press conferences, he called for new decisive leadership to rescue the U.S. from the grasp of oil sheiks and end the dollar's decline. Said he: "We're going to have to reinstall pride in America for what we are, for what we've been. Somehow, we're going to have to save the world again."

This sort of rhetoric is turning on the conservative rank-and-file Republicans, who traditionally play an outside role in determining the party's presidential standard-bearer. Three weeks ago, the silver-haired Connally made a stem-winding speech to 600 Midwestern Republican leaders at a convention in Indianapolis. A subsequent poll of 254 delegates showed that 29% favored Connally for the nomination, while Reagan trailed with 21%. Admits a rival, conservative Congressman Philip Crane of Illinois: "Connally has a lot of pizzazz."

The adulation is being converted into cash: only six days after Connally announced his candidacy, he met the requirements for federal campaign-match-

ing funds by receiving donations of \$5,000 or more in 20 states. His war chest bulges with \$1.25 million in contributions, more than Reagan has collected. Far more volunteers are trying to board Connally's bandwagon than his underorganized staff can absorb.

Connally's strong showing has been an unpleasant surprise to his rivals. They had believed that his late conversion from the Democratic Party would be an insurmountable handicap. They also figured that he had not shaken the unsavory image gained from his 1975 trial on charges of accepting a \$10,000 bribe while serving as Nixon's Treasury Secretary. But Connally, for the moment at least, seems to have blunted both problems with a combination of humor and forthrightness. Said he to the New Hampshire legislature: "I have some background to talk to you no matter what your party affiliation." As for the bribery trial, says Connally, "the jury gave an answer for all time and all reasonable people, and that was simply not guilty."

It remains to be seen, of course, whether Connally can survive the long and arduous marathon of about three dozen primaries. As he left New Hampshire last week, two other candidates were arriving: Congressman Crane (for his 21st visit) and Kansas Senator Robert Dole (for his 15th). Meanwhile, Senator Howard Baker has appointed Indiana Senator Richard Lugar as his campaign chairman and has stepped up his travel schedule. And in California, Reagan was calculating how and when to take the offensive against the man he now regards as the most formidable obstacle between himself and the nomination. Says Laxalt: "John Connally is a very strong political personality. I don't know anyone in the country who is stronger." For now. ■



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Dracula

Opening on Friday the

THE MIRISCH CORPORATION PRESENTS
FRANK LANGELLA^{WITH} LAURENCE OLIVIER
IN DRACULA

ALSO STARRING
DONALD PLEASANCE · KATE NELLIGAN · A WALTER MIRISCH, JR.
AND JOHN L. BALDERSTON · FROM THE NOVEL BY BRAM STOKER · MUSIC BY JOHN WILLIAMS · PRODUCED BY

A movie poster for the 1979 film 'Dracula'. The central figure is a man with dark, wavy hair, wearing a black cape over a light-colored shirt, looking intensely at the viewer. The background is a dramatic, cloudy sky. In the foreground, a large, close-up of a human skull is visible, partially obscured by the bottom edge of the poster. The text '13th of July' is written in a red, serif font in the upper left corner.

13th of July

SCREENPLAY BY: BASED ON THE STAGE PLAY BY:
JOHN BADHAM PRODUCTION W. D. RICHTER · HAMILTON DEANE
EDITED BY WALTER MIRISCH · PRODUCED BY JOHN BADHAM
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**The difference between a car you like
and a car you love.**




BUICK
After all, life is to enjoy.

Diamonds Are Forever

The gem traders of West 47th Street maintain a timeless world

Just before 9 a.m., a dusty yellow bus pulls up to a corner in midtown Manhattan and lets out a dozen black-coated, bearded Hasidic Jews from Brooklyn. Others, similarly dressed, come pouring out of the subway entrance. Swiftly, the narrow, dirty street begins its daily transformation. Pale hands splay rainbows of gems across velvet cloths in store windows, magically making each an entrance to Ali Baba's cave. This is West 47th Street, a tiny world of its own that handles about half of the diamonds entering the U.S. Here brokers play middleman between American buyers and the supplying De Beers syndicate in London, and the deals amount to more than \$2.5 billion worth of rare gems a year.

No one is sure of the exact figure because of the legendary secretiveness of the diamond trade. But business is obviously booming. In the past five years, prices have quintupled, and the working population of the street has more than doubled, reaching about 15,000.

Inevitably, such growth in an area dealing in such a precious commodity is accompanied by friction and occasional sparks of violence. Earlier this month, Martin Paretsky, 71, left the street with \$500,000 in diamonds, heading for a meeting at the nearby Hilton Hotel. No trace of him has been found. Two days later, Satya Narian Gupta, 27, one of the handful of Indian dealers on the street, left his office with \$300,000 worth of stones. Three days later, his body was found bound and strangled in Pennsylvania's Pocono Mountains. There have been no arrests in the case. The well-publicized incidents have made the merchants even more tight-lipped than usual. They fear that any talk with outsiders could lead only to greater vulnerability.

The insularity of West 47th Street stems from the homogeneity of the diamond dealers. The vast majority are Jewish. Until the end of World War II, there were only a couple of diamond shops in the 47th Street area. Then came the influx of survivors from the Nazi Holocaust, many bearing the tattoos of their concentration camps. The newcomers entered a business that had been a specialty of Jews since the Middle Ages, when the trade was one of the few professions that did not come under the purview of a tightly controlled guild. Diamonds were also perfect wares for a persecuted and wandering people who had to carry their means of livelihood with them.

Almost a third of the workers on 47th Street are Hasidic Jews, a Yiddish-speaking, fundamentalist sect. The men let their beards and forelocks grow, as admonished by the Old Testament book of *Leviticus*. Deeply

religious, the Hasidim from Brooklyn travel in a bus that is divided down the aisle by a curtain, segregating men and women for prayer sessions on the way to work.

The high value the Hasidim place on personal honor sets the tone for the street, where packets of diamonds worth hundreds of thousands of dollars are traded by verbal agreements. Says one dealer: "If I broke my word in a deal, the word would be passed, and I would be dead in the business. No one would talk to me. I would be shunned."

The hub of the street's activity is the



Hasidic Jews conducting business at curbside
Break your word, and you are shunned.

Diamond Dealers Club, which is on the ninth floor of one of the street's newer buildings. The club has 1,750 members, who are among the most respected and established dealers on the street. Election to the club is restricted, coming only after a person has secured a reputation and been fully scrutinized by club members.

Packets of diamonds in the rough, as well as polished stones cut by the street's manufacturers, are traded in the club's nondescript 200-ft. by 200-ft. room. Reports TIME's John Tompkins: "You get into an elevator with a crowd of Hasidim and feel them staring, wondering who you are. All the brokers know each other by sight, if not by name. A set of electrically operated bulletproof glass doors leads to the room's lobby, and another automatic door, with the legend NO VISITORS ALLOWED, and operated by a guard, leads to the trading floor. As in every store and office in the area, there are plenty of closed-circuit cameras and hidden alarm switches. The windows are high, and there are dozens of 20-ft.-long tables, lit by fluorescent study lamps, where diamonds are inspected and traded."

A broker with a diamond to sell produces a small paper packet from a leather pouch. The method of folding the paper, white on the outside and pale blue on the inside, has been in use for generations, here and in Europe. For 25¢, the diamonds are weighed on one of the room's electronic scales, and the result written on the packet. The seller has told the broker what price he wants, and the broker wanders the room soliciting bids.

When he gets a good offer, he "seals" the packet, which pledges that he will talk to no more potential buyers until he presents the offer to the seller. If the deal is closed, the broker says "Mazel" (luck in Hebrew) and the buyer replies "Mazel un brucha" (luck and blessing), a ritual used around the world, whatever the ethnic background of the participants.

Deals are also made inside the street's ground-floor stores, many of which are actually indoor public markets, where merchants can rent booths for prices of up to \$2,500 a month. Unlike the hushed elegance of a room at Tiffany's a few blocks away, the market is a bustle of good-natured haggling, questioning and exhorting in many languages.

The trading also involves flocks of individual entrepreneurs, who often make their main living by cutting stones for manufacturers. A typical diamond cutter last week sat in his office, high above 47th Street, and dealt with an elderly broker standing before him. The cutter examined a packet of raw stones with his loupe. He shook his head, wrapped the packet up and handed it back to the broker. The old man wearily placed it in his old leather pouch, held together with tape and rubber bands, and produced another packet. The

Nation

two haggled for a moment in Yiddish and then the second packet was also rejected. That day there would be no sale between the broker, who carried the diamonds around on consignment, and the cutter. The visitor took his worn pouch, holding stones worth thousands of dollars, and concealed it in an inside pocket of his coat. Then he headed off to another shop.

Casual dealings like these would seem to make the area ripe for robberies. It is hard to say how much is stolen per year—\$1.1 million worth of diamonds was reported taken during the first 2½ months of 1979—because the dealers shy away from police. Says Lieut. Edward O'Connor, commander of the Manhattan robbery squad and a former detective in the diamond district: "It's a very clandestine business. Very few people will cooperate or tell you anything."

Justice is something the community

prefers to handle itself. Disputes are arbitrated by a panel of the Diamond Dealers Club composed of three or more men whose logic has been sharpened by intense study of the Talmud, the volumes of Jewish law. The decisions of these scholars, who act like the Jewish religious courts that existed in Europe hundreds of years ago, are law to those in the diamond trade.

One growing problem on the street is that the traditional codes revered by the Hasidim are not as deeply ingrained in what they refer to as the street's "new element." There has been an influx of younger, Middle Eastern Jews into the trade. Says one oldtime cutter: "They are aggressive, irresponsible, not steeped in tradition." Broker Pinchos Jaroslawicz, 25, made the mistake of trusting one of these new diamond workers, a young Is-

raeli named Shlomo Tal. Jaroslawicz took along his pouch of diamonds one day in September 1977, when he went to call on Tal. The young Israeli and an accomplice were found guilty of murdering and robbing the broker and stuffing his body, wrapped in plastic, into a wooden box in Tal's office.

Despite the problems, the street is resisting change, reluctant to move away from dealing in nods and trust and credit. On a sunny spring day, small groups of Hasidim, shaded by their wide-brimmed hats, stand on the sidewalk in front of the delis, speaking Yiddish, holding diamonds up for study and striking deals. Antwerp must have had similar scenes in 1608, when there were 104 Jewish diamond cutters in the city. On 47th Street, the old ways are still the best. They always have been in the diamond business.

Americana



Salad Days

Davis Bates, 23, is in his last term at experimental Hampshire College in Massachusetts, majoring in "political theater and mime." So when his work in the college kitchen began to get boring, he turned to the salads to provide drama.

NO NUKES! he proclaimed with carrot sticks surrounded by mushrooms. He made solar power symbols out of lemon slices on Jell-O and hammers and sickles out of cheese rinds. He even constructed a nuclear power plant out of cottage cheese, tilted slightly to signify a meltdown.

The food service director preferred culinary to political art, however, and ordered him to hold the garnishes. When Bates responded by writing HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MARX in whipped cream on a cake, he was fired. He has appealed his ouster, and the issue is now before the college president. The wilted salads have mushroomed, he says, into a principle: "Where you have no employer-employee structure to deal with firings, there's no possibility of any community response." Or, more simply, they won't lettuce have our say.

Filling In

Wellston, Ohio, a town of 6,000, 75 miles southeast of Columbus, is short on cash and long on potholes; about 10,000 of them pit Wellston's 44 miles of streets. When former Police Chief Max Downard burst a tire in a particularly jagged chasm, he jokingly proposed to Mayor Harold Souders that the town sell its potholes to help raise the \$70,000 needed to repair last winter's wear and tear. After the suggestion was reported in the paper, says Souders, "a woman walked in with a check for two potholes." Then another woman came in, and then another. With that, the town went into business. For \$10 per hole (or \$25 for three), a buyer gets a certificate of ownership, a photograph of the hole and an implied promise that it will be filled.

Tilting at Utilities

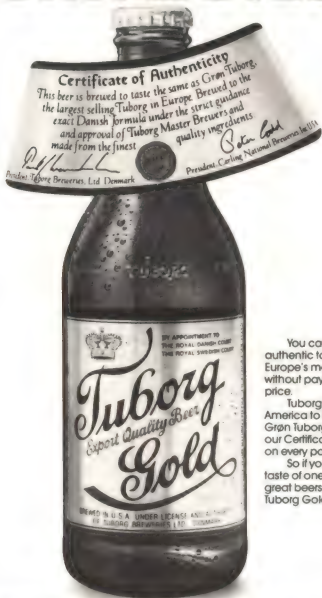
Trying to sell electricity to a power company may seem like a quixotic gesture, but for 18 months a modern-day Man of La Mancha, Martin Greenwald of Thompson Ridge, N.Y., has been doing his best. His \$4,000 windmill stands on a 44-ft. tower behind the barn on his small farm and generates only 2 kw of power. But when the wind is right (about 15 m.p.h.), he has electricity to spare. So in 1977, Greenwald, 36, an assistant professor of industrial technology at Montclair State College, offered to sell his excess power to Orange and Rockland Utilities, which generates 695,000 kw of power.

The company agreed, but only if

Greenwald would assume full responsibility for any damages. After all, a spokesman argued, a repairman might be injured during a blackout if he worked on lines that were kept "live" by Greenwald's windmill. Intent on striking a blow against monopolies, Greenwald appealed to the state Public Service Commission. Said he: "People are trying to become more self-sufficient. The windmill is a step in that direction." The commission ruled last week that the utility was being unreasonable in asking Greenwald "to indemnify the company against its own negligence." The commission ordered the utility to plug into the windmill without any strings. As Cervantes put it: "Those who'll play with cats must expect to be scratched."



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World

MIDDLE EAST

Bombs and Ugly Rhetoric

The Arab world reacts in anger to "the traitor's treaty"

Even as Israel's Premier Menachem Begin and Egyptian President Anwar Sadat flew to the U.S. for the treaty-signing ceremony in Washington, the euphoric glow surrounding Jimmy Carter's diplomatic success was beginning to fade. The dark prospect of an oil crunch loomed in the months ahead. Arab countries quickly vowed to exact their revenge on Egypt for signing what Damascus radio called "the traitor's treaty." Even moderate Arab states like Saudi Arabia and Jordan warned that the treaty was doomed because it did not deal satisfactorily with the Palestinian problem. With considerable understatement, one Administration official last week admitted that "even after we get the peace treaty tied up and signed, our real problems will still lie ahead."

A sample of these difficulties became apparent very quickly, as President Carter dispatched his National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski to Saudi Arabia and Jordan to solicit support for the treaty. He was accompanied by General David Jones, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and other officials from the State and Defense departments. As a symbolic expression of his concern, Carter sent along his son Chip, 28.

Brzezinski made precious little headway with the Saudis, even though he emphasized that the U.S. was committed to achieving a comprehensive peace settlement and viewed the Egyptian-Israeli treaty as the "cornerstone" of a wider settlement. The Saudi leaders implied that no "punitive action" would be taken against Egypt, presumably meaning that they would not cooperate in an economic boycott or trim their current aid to Egypt of \$1.5 billion a year. But the Saudis flatly refused to endorse the treaty.

Brzezinski got an even frostier reception from Jordan's King Hussein, who later said he resented the American "arm twisting." Hussein quoted Brzezinski as saying, "If you go along with the treaty, Congress and American public opinion

will be very happy. If not, they won't be." Hussein took this to mean that U.S. aid to Jordan would be affected, and it made him mad. In the scramble for realignment in the face of the impending treaty, Hussein has even reconciled with Yasser Arafat, head of the Palestine Liberation Organization, with whom he has been at bloody odds since 1970.

Both Saudi Arabia and Jordan are reluctant to give even tentative support to the Egyptian-Israeli treaty lest this destroy their maneuverability within the

li Defense Minister Ezer Weizman and Egyptian Defense Minister Kamel Hassan Ali arrived in Washington with impressive shopping lists. As a reward for signing the treaty, Israel is to receive \$3 billion in new aid, including \$2.2 billion in credits over three years and \$800 million in grants to finance the removal of Israeli airfields in the Sinai desert. All this is in addition to the \$1.8 billion in annual military and economic aid that Israel gets from the U.S. Last week President Carter approved Weizman's latest arms requests,

which include 200 M-60 tanks, 800 armored personnel carriers, 200 artillery pieces, 600 Maverick air-to-ground missiles and 600 Sidewinder air-to-air missiles. The U.S. also agreed to speed up delivery of 75 F-16 fighter planes; they will reach Israel by 1980 instead of 1983.

As for Egypt, it will receive \$1.5 billion in new U.S. military assistance, a figure that will undoubtedly rise if Saudi Arabia decides to cut its aid. Egypt's package of new arms includes five Hawk surface-to-air defense systems, four destroyers, an unspecified number of submarines, tanks and F-4 fighter planes. This is in addition

to the \$750 million in economic aid and \$200 million in food aid that Egypt currently receives from Washington.

These imposing figures are apparently only the beginning of what President Sadat has in mind. After the signing, Sadat plans to stay on in Washington to push for U.S. acceptance of his \$15 billion economic development scheme, which he calls "the Carter Plan." With some justification, the Egyptian President argues that his courageous pursuit of peace has isolated him dangerously in the Middle East. Egypt is threatened by radical regimes in Libya and elsewhere. From within, it faces the same kind of Islamic fundamentalist forces that helped topple the Shah of Iran. The solution, Sadat believes, is to wage a gigantic war on his nation's poverty, and the only way to do that is to secure huge amounts of Western aid.

Apart from promising material assis-



Jordan's King Hussein (right) meeting with P.L.O. Leader Yasser Arafat in Amman. The treaty is uniting the Arabs, if only in their determination to wreck it.

Arab world. More radical Arab states, notably Syria and Iraq, are angry about the treaty because they know that without the full support of Egypt it will be difficult to mount a plausible military threat against Israel. Once the treaty is signed, Egypt will almost certainly be expelled from the Arab League. At the very least, the league's headquarters is likely to be moved out of Cairo, probably to Tunisia. After that, radical Arabs will exert pressure on the Saudis to cut their aid to Egypt and on the other oil-producing states to raise the stakes in the petroleum diplomacy game once again. Says a senior Western diplomat: "The irony is that the peace treaty is uniting the Arabs, if only in their determination to wreck it."

Fully aware of this growing enmity, the Carter Administration was busy giving last-minute assurances of support to the Israelis and the Egyptians. Both Israel-

Premier Begin: A New Era Starts

En route from Israel to the U.S. for the signing of the peace treaty, a fatigued but ebullient Premier Begin gave an interview to TIME Jerusalem Bureau Chief Dean Fischer. Excerpts:

Q. How do you assess the impact of the peace treaty with Egypt?

A. I believe a new era will start in relations between Egypt and Israel. Then I hope will come a period of building mutual trust between our two nations. Therefore I made the suggestion that we sign the treaty in our respective capitals so that all the Israelis, the Jews and the Arabs can see that we are friends now and no more enemies.

Then comes the question of our other neighbors. Even now I would like to invite President Assad, King Hussein and President Sarkis to join the peace process. I can go to Damascus and to the capital of Jordan and the capital of Lebanon, or they can come to Jerusalem or we may meet at a neutral spot and let us try hard to bring peace. But if the answer is negative, and so far it has been, we must be patient. If we improve relations between Egypt and Israel, this may serve as a living example for our other neighbors.

Q. How do you view the negotiations on autonomy for the Palestinians?

A. Autonomy is a very serious issue. We want to carry out our pledge to give them full autonomy. They should elect their own administrative council, which will conduct their daily affairs and in which we shall not interfere. [But] we must have our security.

We have now between 13 and 14 months to negotiate. That is a relatively long period of time, and I think we can bring about a solution. Our government appointed a committee of eleven members, which will prepare all the suggestions and all the plans for autonomy. We will bring the proposals to our Egyptian friends for discussion. We hope the results will be positive.

Q. How do you feel about the attitude of Saudi Arabia toward the peace negotiations?

A. It is a very wrong attitude. Saudi Arabia is one of the most fanatical enemies we have. We didn't do any wrong to them, yet they claim that the city of Jerusalem must be detached



from Israel. This of course can never happen. What does Saudi Arabia have in common politically with Jerusalem? From the point of view of religion, I can understand it. In Jerusalem, there are holy shrines of Islam. And every Muslim has free access to them. We would invite Saudi Arabians to come to Jerusalem and go to Al Aqsa [mosque] and pray. But if they speak about the repatriation of Jerusalem, they speak nonsense. It will never happen.

Q. Is Saudi Arabia a force for moderation on more radical Arab regimes?

A. Not at all, not at all. It is a complete illusion that Saudi Arabia is a so-called moderate country, as far as we are concerned. Saudi Arabia, by the way, is in real danger. I heard from a very wise man the following saying: "It's not a state, it's a family." A family of 3,000 princes. And corruption reaches the sky there. So they better be careful. They have South Yemen on their border, and in South Yemen there are al-

ready Cubans. So they shouldn't behave so haughtily toward everybody, including Israel. They have all that oil, but they cannot drink it. They have to sell that oil to get those billions of petrodollars. So they better be careful and think about their own safety and not try to exploit the issue of East Jerusalem.

Q. As negotiations on Palestinian autonomy proceed, will Israel's own Arab population become more militant?

A. There are radical Arabs, but they are a minority. They are usually led by the Communists. But the majority of our Arab people are loyal citizens. We have had five wars, yet there has not even been one case of disloyalty by our Arab minority during the wars. Of course, I cannot say that they are the most ardent Zionists in the world, but we should accept their loyalty. Above all, we want to give them the feeling that they are living in freedom and equality. We want to improve their economic situation. But I can say that the Arab minority in Israel enjoys a better economic situation than any Arab in all the 21 Arab countries—except, of course, the rich people, the sheikhs and the millionaires. This, by the way, also applies to the Palestinian Arabs who live in Judea, Samaria and the Gaza district. They have never had such a blossoming economy.

Q. Are you tempted to call an early election in order to capitalize on your achievement of peace with Egypt?

A. No sir, not at all. I am not a person to be jumping at opportunity. We are signing a peace treaty, but we don't want to cash in, to call the people to the polls. We still have 2½ years before elections. There is a lot to do. We have to pay much more attention to the economic and social issues in Israel.

Q. And after that?

A. Under any circumstances I will leave politics at the age of 70. That is not far away—I will be 66 next summer. I will leave the government, I will leave the Knesset, and I will start writing a book about my generation. This is an exceptional generation in our history. It can be compared almost to the biblical generation. I must not make any comparisons; it's forbidden. But whatever they in biblical times and we in our times achieved, was achieved through suffering and heroism. Therefore I contend that we are a quasi-biblical generation, and I want to write a book about it.



Begin (center) shares an elated mood with aides on flight to U.S.

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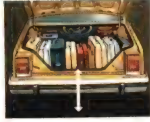
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Progress for People

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

World

tance, the Carter Administration has sought to assure the Israelis that their vital interests will be protected. Extending a five-year commitment made in 1975, the U.S. has pledged to provide Israel with oil for 15 years if the Israelis on their own should be unable to acquire sufficient supplies, either from Egypt or on the world market. Late last week the Administration concluded a bilateral memorandum of agreement with Israel under which the U.S. promises to "consult" with Israel—that is, to give it some sort of support—if Egypt should violate the terms of the peace treaty, and to use its veto if the U.N. Security Council should try to take action against the treaty.

Advanee word of these new commitments undoubtedly helped Premier Begin win parliamentary support of the treaty. During a marathon 28½-hour session of the Knesset, the longest on record, Begin once again found himself supported by the opposition Labor Party and bitterly attacked by some members of his right-wing Likud coalition. To help appease the treaty opponents, Begin delivered a hawkish, two-hour speech in which he vowed that "Israel will never return to the lines of June 4, 1967," that Jerusalem "will never again be divided," and that a Palestinian state "will never be established" in the West Bank and Gaza. He also declared, curiously, that autonomy would apply only to the Palestinians as individuals and not to the areas in which they live. This caused Opposition Leader Shimon Peres to ask: "How can you distinguish between a person and his home, or between a farmer and his field?"

In the end, the Knesset supported the peace treaty, 95 to 18. But Begin's tough speech drew an angry reaction from the Egyptians. Said Premier Mustafa Khalil: "His remarks unfortunately have spoiled the atmosphere." In an obvious effort to placate the Saudis, Khalil added that Begin's speech "contradicts the basis of the settlement agreed upon at Camp David." Sadat in his turn emphasized that when the West Bank and Gaza talks begin one month after the treaty signing, the future of East Jerusalem will be very much a part of the discussions.

In an interview broadcast over Egyptian television, President Carter declared that the U.S. was prepared to deal directly with the P.L.O. if only that organization would recognize Israel's right to exist. A P.L.O. spokesman replied, "It's too late for that." A few hours after Begin's departure for the U.S., a bomb went off in the center of Jerusalem, killing a bystander and wounding 14 others. In the ugly rhetoric of revenge that currently dominates much of the Arab world, the spokesman continued, "Sadat is no longer an Arab. In signing the treaty with Israel, he is signing his own death warrant. The people of Egypt will execute him, and the P.L.O. will be at their side." ■

IRAN

Entering a Troubled New Year

Violence in Kurdistan mars a joyous holiday

Iranians paused in the midst of their revolution last week to celebrate the ancient Persian new year, Now Ruz. Traditionally it is a time for family gatherings, exchanges of sweets and a long holiday from work, but this year's holiday for many people was not an altogether happy one. Revolutionary fervor was giving way to cynicism. There were unresolved quarrels among disparate forces claiming to represent Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini. The government of Prime Minister Mehdi Bazargan, struggling to cope with economic chaos, faced a new threat: an outbreak of violence among rebellious Kurds in the western city of Sanandaj. As thousands clogged the highways to the Caspian Sea and other vacation spots out of Tehran, one Iranian journalist observed: "We are a tired people."

Possibly the most tired of all was Ba-

two armed militias, the Marxist fedayans and the Islamic mojahedeen, hinted that they might support the boycott.

In reviewing the good fortunes of the year, the Prime Minister said that he was saddened by one thing: "The situation in Kurdistan." In an effort to achieve a cease-fire, Bazargan dispatched a government team to Sanandaj, including Chief of Staff Vali-Ullah Qarani and Minister of the Interior Ahmed Sadr Haj-Sayed-Javadi. Khomeini also sent Ayatullah Mahmoud Taleghani, the respected leader of Tehran's Shi'ite Muslims, to the area.

Late last week there were reports from Sanandaj that the Interior Minister had worked out a tentative agreement with the Kurds that would grant them some degree of local autonomy. How long the accord would last was uncertain. A proud mountain people whose kinsmen



Rebel Kurdish tribesmen, with guns at the ready, in strife-torn town of Sanandaj

After an uprising was crushed, the Shah gained some new bitter enemies.

zargan, but the 71-year-old Prime Minister showed little sign of exhaustion as he hosted a huge *bar-e-aam* (public reception) at Tehran's modern concrete-and-steel sports arena to mark the new year. In a simple, direct talk, Bazargan touched on some of the issues facing his government. He assured the crowd of 10,000 that the rights of all the people of Iran, including women and religious minorities, will be preserved in the new constitution for an Islamic republic. But he also said that neither he nor Khomeini would back down on the nature of the nationwide referendum that is scheduled for March 30.

The wording of the ballot—yes or no to an Islamic republic—has drawn considerable criticism. Last week the National Democratic Front, a new opposition faction, threatened to boycott the referendum if the ballot was not changed. Iran's

fan out across the border into Iraq, Turkey, Syria and the Soviet Union, the Kurds have been in rebellion against their overlords in Tehran for generations. During the early 1970s, the Shah aided the Kurds, who were fighting a guerrilla war to gain autonomy for their sector of northern Iraq. The U.S. tacitly backed the rebellion, encouraging the Shah to supply the Kurds with arms and matériel.

In 1975, the Shah patched up relations with the Baghdad regime to gain a favorable settlement of a boundary dispute. As part of the deal, he cut off supplies to the Kurds and closed his border to the retreating rebels. Kurdish Leader Moustafa Barzani, who died in Washington early this month at age 86, pleaded in vain for continued American help.

During the February revolt against the hapless government of Prime Minis-

World

The Unfinished Revolution

For Iran's women, the real struggle goes on

ter Shahpour Bakhtiar, the Kurds took advantage of the chaotic situation to rearm. They stormed army garrisons in northern Iran, seizing huge quantities of weapons. The latest outbreak apparently began over the appropriation by the army garrison in Sanandaj of a large portion of the city's flour supply, as well as the bulk of the town's bread. Feelings among the city's population, which is mostly Sunni Muslim, were already running high because the local revolutionary courts were dominated by Shi'ites loyal to Khomeini. Kurdish guerrillas took positions in alleyways and on rooftops and stormed the army barracks. In response, the government forces strafed sections of the city from Cobra gunships.

Reported TIME Correspondent Paul Wittenman from Sanandaj: "At Ghanzeh Hospital a man sat holding the severed head of his three-year-old daughter, who along with her four brothers and sisters was killed when a mortar round dropped into the yard where they were playing. As doctors worked in a makeshift operating room on the floor of the hospital corridor, flights of helicopters fluted overhead, ferrying army reinforcements to the garrison from Kermanshah, an hour to the south. The fighting took a vicious turn the next day when the army moved tanks to the city center. Kurdish guerrillas dashed from alley to alley. Bullets ricocheted off the brick walls and became embedded in the mud walls of houses. It appeared to be a freelance war, since the rebels themselves are split into four political groups."

At week's end the number of dead was estimated to be between 100 and 200, many of them civilians. Few officials held out much prospect that the government delegation would be able to achieve anything except a fragile cease-fire. Moreover, any hint of compromise on autonomy for the Kurds could raise the hopes of other dissident nationalist minorities—Azerbaijanis, Turkomans, the Arabs of the vital oilfields in Khuzestan, and even the Baluchis in the far southeast.

Bazargan would have a hard time trying to put down the separatists by force: Iran's army is hopelessly demoralized and all but leaderless. Meanwhile, the Prime Minister has enough on his hands trying to bolster the economy, which Khomeini last week described as "bankrupt." Workers' councils have taken over a number of businesses, banks, and government offices; councils in the bureaucracies are demanding exorbitant wage increases and resisting Bazargan's plans to reduce overstaffing. Food shortages have created a thriving black market that is feeding an unofficial inflation rate of 200%. Many of these problems would be relieved by fresh oil revenues, and as of last week production was up to 2.5 million bbl. per day, or about half the normal level. The question was whether these revenues, welcome as they were, would be sufficient to get Iran moving again.

Three weeks ago, in the wake of the upheavals that deposed the Shah, Iran's women took to the streets once again. As they saw it, the new Islamic regime was threatening to deny them freedoms they thought they had already won. TIME's Jane O'Reilly went to Iran for a look at the "women's revolution." Her report:



Chador-clad woman demonstrating



Young guerrilla in less traditional garb

A way of saying, "Iranian is beautiful."

As suddenly as they had begun, the women's marches ended. Three weeks ago, thousands of women spontaneously rose up to protest the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini's apparent opinion that women should return to the veil, or *chador* (a shapeless garment that covers a woman from head to toe). When they shouted, "In the dawn of freedom, there is no freedom," they were supported by many others who feared that the promises of the revolution were not being kept: workers, ethnic and religious minorities, landless peasants, middle-class men.

By last week the protesters were off the streets. For one thing, Khomeini had backed down, saying that he had merely been suggesting modest dress. Also, the women were reluctant to endanger the already hard-pressed government of Prime Minister Mehdi Bazargan, who has been receptive to their complaints.

But the chief reason the marches ended may have been that the women felt they had presented their case. Said one: "The point of the marches was freedom to choose. We have nothing against the *chador*; we are only against compulsion. We marched for everybody's rights." Harder-line elements of the new government condemned the marchers as "CIA inspired" and "counterrevolutionaries." When Sadegh Ghotbzadeh, director of national radio and television, called for a counterdemonstration, 100,000 people flooded into the spring sunshine, half of them in *chadors*. Earnest men passed out leaflets to uncovered women reading, "Sister, I value your modesty above the blood I have given." Women marched under banners supporting the Islamic republic and shouted support for Ghotbzadeh, under whose tenure unveiled women have disappeared from TV screens.

Was the women's protest, then, a short-lived eruption, a minor blip in the revolution? No. Many who protested against the *chador* respect Khomeini, are devout Muslims and believers in an Islamic state, and above all fear being separated from the revolution and divided among themselves (as they have been traditionally). But for them the anti-Shah revolution and the outbreak against the new regime's edicts proved an experience that, in the West, would be called consciousness raising. "We women don't yet know who we are," says Lily Mostafavi, a government worker. But, she adds, "we have begun a great dialogue."

So last week they were meeting to safeguard their stake in the revolution—not in the streets but just about everywhere else: hospitals, oil company offices, government ministries, courts, factories. The theme of each meeting was, as a

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World

woman pharmacist put it, "the unfinished revolution for both men and women." The refrain was the emerging pattern of exclusion of women: religious opinions implying that women are too weak to be judges, objections to coeducation, the absence of any women in the new government. "We would prefer to support Islam," said Mrs. Jaleh Shambayati, a lawyer, "if the government supports us. But I don't think, even if they need women, that they want to work with us."

To be a woman in Iran is to be better off than a woman in most other Middle Eastern countries. But Iran is still a deeply patriarchal society, in which a woman is seen as needing protection and separation from predatory males, her greatest purpose in life to provide her husband with a son. Under Islam, women are equal, in theory. In practice they are not. They are often literally excluded from men's society.

"The principles of Islam are very advanced," says Mrs. Shambayati. In the 7th century, Islamic practice established that women should not be chattel and gave them the rights to reject marriage proposals and to own property—radical ideas at the time. Yet, says Mrs. Shambayati, "although Islam gave women life 1,400 years ago, the right only to breath is not enough today."

It was a radical idea in 1967 as well, when the Shah, over great religious opposition, passed the Family Protection Law. On paper, the law was a great advance for Iranian women: in fact it proved very difficult to enforce. In 1975, a second version of the law was enacted to work out some of these difficulties. In the case of divorce, fathers or grandfathers have custody of children over the age of two (boys) and seven (girls). Marriage before 18 for women is forbidden, but allowed at 15 in special circumstances. To take a second wife, a man may plead nine special circumstances, including "consent of the first wife" and "wife's insubordination to husband." The most radical changes: women were permitted to divorce their husbands under a greater variety of circumstances, and men had to show cause when shedding wives. So it should have come as no surprise that when Khomeini advised suspension of the Family Protection Law, women were outraged, including those who eagerly cover their heads. The Ayatullah backed down.

In Iran's villages, where 53% of the country's 33.6 million people live, the old customs survive. Fifty-three percent of Iranian women remain illiterate, and for them the only means of survival is marriage, their only protection the family. A girl is frequently married by her late teens. On the wedding night, her parents ex-

pect to be able to show proof of her virginity. The girl often goes to work and lives in her mother-in-law's house.

As agricultural mechanization and new industries sent people flooding into the cities, the old ways began to disintegrate. The first women urban migrants sat alone and frightened in jerry-built shacks in the urban slums. But those women, who once would not have dared to be so bold as to look a man directly in the eyes, had daughters who went to school, developed a taste for clothes and took jobs. "When they needed us to work," says Masoumeh, a secretary whose mother still covers her lower face with a *chador*, "they

we were being tortured? Why have you come now to 'protect' us? We don't need to be told how to get our rights."

Indeed, they have known for a long time. Women carried guns in the 1906 Constitutional Revolution. In 1922 members of a women's organization campaigning for literacy were harassed. In 1941 women textile workers began organizing. Poor women were the first to march into gunfire during last year's protests, and *chador* hid the wounded. Women fought in the revolutionary guerrilla groups.

"We did not fight because we had been 'modernized' too fast," said a secretary. "We fought because the Shah's regime was greedy and wicked. We hoped this would be a revolution for all the people. We did not expect to be harassed because we were without a veil or scarf."

To Western women, the *chador* must seem the least convenient garment ever devised. No buttons, no hooks, nothing to do but clutch and, when desperate, hold it in the teeth. But to Iranian women, 60% of whom wear a *chador* at some time, it is simply a garment, not restrictive once one gets used to it. These days it is many other things as well: a continuing protest against the Shah (whose father summarily snatched away veils in 1936, an act then the equivalent of cultural rape), a statement of support for Khomeini, something worn to fulfill the religious duty of *hejab* (veiling or modest dress). Today, for both zealots and some liberals, it is a reaffirmation of a woman's own, specifically Iranian identity, a way of saying "Iranian is beautiful," something like the statement that wearing an Afro or a dashiki makes

For the most fundamentalist *chador*, those who kiss Khomeini's picture in reverence, the revolution is over. The Shah has been replaced by Khomeini as their religious father, who assures them that under Islam they will

be respected as "serious and effective human beings." Those women face their educated sisters across an enormous gap. Said one middle-class woman who was menaced by screaming fanatics during the marches: "I could have been speaking Chinese, I was so misinterpreted. We must find a shared concern."

For liberal Iranians also searching for shared concerns, there is a growing fear that their revolution has just begun. They see surveillance, press censorship, crowded prisons and secretive rule, theocratic instead of autocratic. They are waiting for this week's referendum, waiting for the constitution few have been allowed to see. And it was not only the women who were saying: "If we do not achieve what we deserve, we will go on fighting."



World

WEST GERMANY

Sexy Spies

Secretaries wanted—badly

"It's not your wife who now wonders whether she can trust your secretary," gloomed one West German chancery official last week. "Now you ask yourself the question."

That bit of gallows humor was part of Bonn's reaction to the Federal Republic's latest espionage scandal. In the past two weeks, six West German secretaries of high-ranking officials have been accused of spying for East Germany. The most recent suspect is Helga Rödriger, 44, who worked for Manfred Lahnstein, state secretary in the Finance Ministry and Bonn's top expert on monetary affairs. Last week, after she failed to show up for work, agents of the *Bundesamt für Verfassungsschutz*, West Germany's equivalent of the FBI, discovered that she had fled with all her belongings—as well as those of her live-in boyfriend, Robert Kresse. "She even took her canary," said a *Verfassungsschutz* agent.

Bonn's counterintelligence assumed that Rödriger and her swain had fled to East Germany, as a number of other unmarried secretaries have recently done. Three of the women were employed by of-



Suspect Agent Helga Rödriger

A code word that opens safes.

ficials of the Christian Democratic Union, while a fourth worked at NATO headquarters in Brussels. All were apparently ensnared by a now familiar East German gambit: assigning handsome male Communist agents to lure well-placed secretaries into love—and spying.

The secretarial scramble eastward began with the disappearance of Ursel Lor-

enzen, 42, from NATO headquarters. When next seen, she was on East German television, declaring that she had "daily evidence of NATO's real preparations for totally destructive nuclear war." NATO officials ruefully conceded that she could indeed have passed classified information to the Communists.

Following Lorenzen's flight, five other secretaries were unmasked as likely East German agents. West German police arrested C.D.U. Secretary Ursula Höfs, 34, in Bonn and Maja Zietlow, 26, a travel agency clerk, in Hamburg. Shortly thereafter, Inge Goliath, 37, a secretary working for C.D.U. Foreign Policy Spokesman Werner Marx, left her office complaining of a stomach-ache—and turned up on the Communist side of the wall. The next day Christel Broszky, 31, the secretary of C.D.U. Deputy Chairman Kurt Biedenkopf, asked to leave work early for a hairdresser's appointment. She never returned, and is presumed to have fled to East Berlin.

The rash of espionage cases followed defection to the West of Lieut. Werner Stiller, a key officer in East Berlin's state security apparatus. Stiller, who was actually a West German agent, identified a number of East German spies working in West Germany. Since his defection, 14 suspects have been arrested.

Murder in The Hague

Britain's Ambassador to The Netherlands, Sir Richard Sykes, 58, had just stepped into his silver-gray Rolls-Royce for the four-minute ride from his residence to the British embassy in The Hague. As Sykes' Dutch valet, Karel Straub, 19, closed the car door, two men suddenly emerged from the back of the courtyard. One fired a revolver through the rear side window of the limousine, hitting Sykes four times; the other gunman shot Straub twice at close range. Sykes and Straub died later in the hospital.

Sykes' assassination, coming just a month after U.S. Ambassador to Afghanistan Adolph Dube was kidnapped and murdered by Muslim extremists, underscored the grim reality that diplomats have become prime targets for terrorists. By and large, security measures to protect the ambas-

sadors are often surprisingly lax. Straub's parents said their son had told them of repeated bomb threats against the ambassadorial residence. Yet the ambassador had no bodyguard, the limousine was not equipped with bulletproof windows, and his residence was unguarded. Sykes' apparent disregard for his own safety seemed all the more astonishing since he had recommended tighter security for diplomats after investigating the assassination of the British Ambassador to Ireland, Christopher Ewart-Biggs, in 1976.

At week's end the killers were still unidentified, but there was strong speculation that they were hit men for the provisional wing of the Irish Republican Army. Last week the provos launched a bomb blitz in Ulster; in one two-hour period, there were 30 explosions in 16 towns. Sykes might have become a target for his 1976 security probe and because his embassy was monitoring the underground operations of ultra-left I.R.A. sympathizers in Holland.

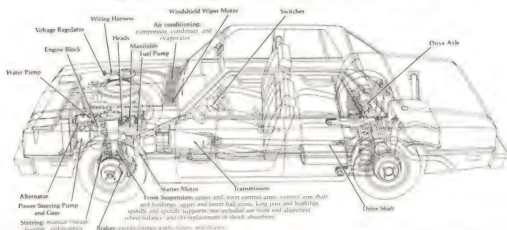


British Ambassador Sir Richard Sykes (inset) and the windows of his bullet-riddled Rolls-Royce limousine

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World

and 18 others have escaped to the East.

West German officials believe that the husbands or paramours of all six spying secretaries were East German control agents. As it happens, even before the latest defections, Bonn had launched a campaign to tighten its security system; it included a special warning for unmarried female employees. Posters in government buildings show a man nuzzling a woman. The caption: "There is a code word that opens safes: love." Beneath that: "Your partner has been married for a long time —to the East German state security service. Please think about it."

CHINA

Wilting Flowers

Deng cools the liberalization

When Vice Premier Deng Xiaoping (Teng Hsiao-p'ing) stepped up the Four Modernizations campaign in November, there were hopes that China's interest in American technology would extend to such Western values as human rights and intellectual freedom. No such luck. The Peking government is now trying to stamp out those pernicious notions in what seemed to be a reprise of the anti-intellectual purge in 1957 that crushed Chairman Mao's short-lived "let a hundred flowers bloom" campaign.

The main targets of the new crackdown are wall posters that have appeared along Peking's "democracy wall" and in other major cities. The posters' bold demands have ranged from freedom of speech to sexual and romantic liberty. One poster pleaded with President Carter to "pay attention to the condition of human rights in China," another quoted from the Declaration of Independence.

Both the Peking *Daily* and the *Worker's Daily* have attacked the posters' call

for human rights as "a slogan of the bourgeoisie and not of the proletariat." A front-page editorial in the Peking *Daily* contained one of the most ferocious assaults on capitalism to appear in China in several months. Said the paper: "Capitalist society is a mercenary slave system, involving police persecution, suicides, prostitution and so on." The *Daily* also castigated "certain young comrades" for their "lack of patriotism" in "begging for the support of imperialism in their espousal of human rights."

In a recent speech to party leaders, Deng accused several individuals of disclosing classified information to foreigners. One person arrested was a woman: Fu Yuehua, 32, a human rights advocate. The Vice Premier was also evidently shocked by pictures of Chinese dancing the hustle with Americans on the eve of ceremonies marking the restoration of diplomatic relations with the U.S. last January. He promised to imprison those who "sold state secrets" on the dance floor. Since then, Chinese seen dancing with foreigners at Peking's International Club have been evicted by plainclothes police officers.

Some analysts speculated that Deng had ordered the crackdown under pressure from hard-lining Politburo members in exchange for the right to pursue his modernization program. The new campaign has already had a visible effect on the democracy wall. Last week only one poster defended human rights. The others called for nothing bolder than catching up with the West by the year 2000—in weapons and industry, of course.

Pinyin Perils

Groans from the libraries

"Xurely you zhest," wrote Nancy May in a letter to the editor of the *Boston Globe*. "Now I have trouble with drylophone and dzerox, and I still can't pronounce Xiaoping." Eugene Wu, director of Harvard University's Yenching Library, sounded depressed. "I don't even want to think about it," he moaned.

Ms. May's oddly spelled word and Mr. Wu's woe were both responses to the virtually worldwide acceptance by news organizations and academic institutions of a different system of spelling Chinese names in English, called Pinyin. The changeover was started by Peking (um, er, Beijing) on Jan. 1, when the government of Zhongguo (otherwise known as China) decreed that in all its foreign-language publications Pinyin would replace the traditional Wade-Giles system of romanization. Agencies of U.S., British, French and other Western governments subsequently followed suit, as did news media around the world, including TIME. (One notable exception: London's *Daily Telegraph*, which until January of this year still quaintly referred to Iran as



"Persia"). Readers of newspapers and magazines were being forced to puzzle out such Sinological oddities as Guangzhou (Canton), Xizang (Tibet) and Nei Mongol (Inner Mongolia).

The most complaints, however, came from librarians, geographers and other academics who specialize in the Middle Kingdom. Libraries seemed to be hardest hit by the switch to Pinyin (Chinese for "phonetic spelling"), with its odd-looking *q's*, *x's* and *zh's*, as they contemplated making millions of changes in card catalogues. The Harvard-Yenching Library, for example, has more than half a million cards in its catalogue, all recorded in Wade-Giles. "We cannot possibly cope with such a change now," says Librarian Wu. Similarly discouraged was the head archivist of the oriental manuscripts section of France's largest library, the Bibliothèque Nationale, who found Pinyin "unreliable" and, with true Gallic pride, "terrible for French."

"Pinyin is the biggest problem we have ever faced," said Richard R. Randall, executive secretary of the U.S. Board on Geographic Names. The board will have to alter thousands of traditional spellings on now outdated Chinese maps. Among the unhappy Sinologists was Tufts University Professor Donald Klein. Said he: "It's driving me up the wall. It's hard enough to get my students to remember such names as the Yangtze River. If I now have to change it to Chang Jiang, it would confuse them beyond hope."

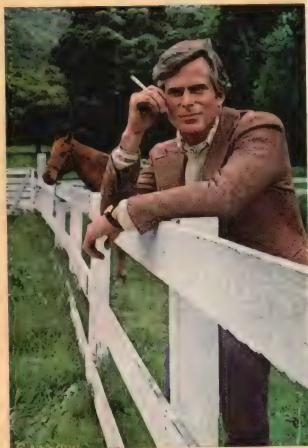
The U.N. has switched to Pinyin, which some scholars regard as more accurate than Wade-Giles as a way of transcribing Chinese sounds. Taiwan has no plans to switch, since it sees the adoption of Pinyin as an acceptance of Communist claims. Others have more personal reasons. "If they want to call Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-p'ing 'Deng Xiaoping,' that's their business," grumped Boston *Globe* Columnist Anthony Spinazola. "I don't have to order him in a restaurant." Which is something to qew on.



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World



Sir Eric Gairy making 1978 plea at the United Nations on behalf of UFOs

GRENADA

The Fall of a Warlock

When voodoo failed to stop a revolution

Everyone in Grenada suspected that the island's Prime Minister, Sir Eric Gairy, 56, was a black-magic nut as well as a UFO freak. Still, Grenadians were astonished last week by the cache of bizarre objects Sir Eric left behind when he went to the U.S. earlier this month. His well-timed departure came just before a coup that ousted him after twelve years of oppressive rule over the Caribbean island. On display at his residence atop picturesque Mount Royal last week were a donkey's eye, indigo, saltpeter and a mysterious white powder. Presumably these had been part of the spooky, voodoo-like rituals that the deposed Prime Minister is said to have practiced to help keep himself in power.

Huge stacks of books and magazines on UFOs and other astral bodies were reminders of the Grenadian leader's principal foreign policy concern. On three separate occasions in the past five years, he had proposed that the United Nations undertake studies of UFOs, which he insisted were space vehicles used by aliens of extraterrestrial origin.

The revolutionaries managed to oust Sir Eric's warlockcraft with the loss of only three lives. On the morning of March 13, 45 members of the opposition New Jewel movement (Joint Endeavor for Welfare, Education and Liberation) stormed Sir Eric's True Blue Defense Force barracks; they arrested 100 soldiers who were sleeping and unarmed. At the same time, Sir Eric's government ministers were routed out of bed and confined in the garden of the local prison. The fire station quickly ran up a white flag of surrender—actually, a shirt borrowed off the back of a friendly passerby. During the ten-hour uprising, the

island's radio station, which had been seized by revolutionaries, broadcast calypso and reggae songs. After the coup, the music was interrupted by such pleas as "Will the people who kept animals on Mount Royal come back and feed them" and "Will whoever borrowed the keys of the police wagon please return them." Three boatloads of tourists, including a group off a Soviet cruise ship, scarcely noticed that anything was going on, though a few were annoyed that they could not buy stamps at the tightly shuttered post office.

The leader of the coup, Maurice Bishop, 34, a British-educated lawyer, immediately set up a 14-member Revolutionary Council, which is committed to achieving moderate socialist reform. Bishop promised to hold free elections soon and guaranteed Grenadians a constitutional

government and full human rights.

Few of Grenada's 110,000 citizens are likely to mourn Sir Eric's hasty departure. His popularity as the island's foremost labor leader in the 1950s was soon dissipated by his authoritarian methods when he became Prime Minister in 1967. Following Grenada's independence from Britain in 1974, Queen Elizabeth knighted Gairy, though he had given himself the title of Sir Eric years before.

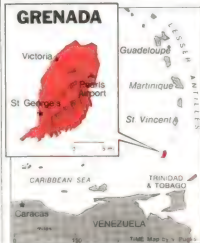
Gairy claimed that God had appointed him to carry out a "divine plan" and that he regularly sent out "love waves" to his political opponents. Actually he ran a hateful little dictatorship. According to Bishop, Gairy was several times re-elected in blatantly rigged contests that included the registration of thousands of dead Grenadians and the bribing of living ones. Chief enforcer of his regime was the Mongoose Gang, a ferocious 30-man secret-police unit that he had recruited in the Grenadian underworld. He also attracted crooks and fugitives from justice from abroad, like Eugene Zeek, whom the FBI is seeking for allegedly cashing \$1 million in bad checks in the U.S.

The Prime Minister himself profited while in office: his holdings included a beauty salon, several hotel guesthouses and the Evening Palace nightclub, where Grenadians seeking the favors of Sir Eric were expected to spend freely. When a 1973 general strike threatened Sir Eric's financial idyl, the Mongoose Gang savagely beat up three opposition leaders, including Maurice Bishop. Two months later, Bishop's father was killed by police during a demonstration.

Although few leaders in the Caribbean had been fond of the flamboyant Sir Eric, they were alarmed by the precedent that might be set by a *coup d'état*—the first for the English-speaking islands of the area. Barbados, Jamaica, Dominica, Guyana and St. Lucia issued a stuffily worded statement that the coup had been "contrary to the traditional method of changing governments" in the region.

Back in Grenada meanwhile, members of the new government feared that Sir Eric would try to stage a counter-coup. Sure enough, while in New York City last week, Sir Eric vainly appealed to the U.S., Canada and Britain to return him to power. According to Bishop, Sir Eric then began seeking men and arms for a mercenary army that would retake the island.

Though the ousted leader had a certain genius for accumulating cash, it seemed unlikely that he would succeed in reinstating himself on an island that has been impoverished by his greed and mismanagement. The economy is nearly bankrupt, 50% of the labor force is unemployed, and most of the islanders live at subsistence level. Last week Bishop's government was planning to establish farming cooperatives and to seek foreign aid in an attempt to repair the damage.





Time Essay

America's Capital Opportunity

As President Carter went up the mountain to Camp David last week, he could not have chosen a better moment to ponder the nation's future policies. The U.S. is at a decisive tipping point in its history. It is a time when the domestic policies decided on now will do much to determine whether the nation surges ahead during the 1980s—or enters a period of prolonged stagflation.

There is much to be said for the widely held thesis that the U.S. will be gripped by both stagnant growth and roaring inflation through the next decade. This could be the grim legacy of the profligate, overregulated 1970s. In the current indulgent decade, the U.S. has spent too much and saved too little. It has spent too much of its wealth on immediate gratification and too little on investment for the future, too much on Government uses and not enough on private uses, too much on easy imports of energy from afar and not enough on hard-slogging development of energy at home. The consequences have been turgid productivity, leading to low economic growth; high budget deficits, leading to inflation; multiplying balance of payments deficits, leading to a weak dollar, which in turn reduces capital investment from abroad and holds back the expansion of jobs and real income.

Yet an equally strong case can be made that the 1980s will be a golden decade. The fact that the U.S. has slipped behind means that it has a tremendous backlog of demand for capital projects, a huge amount of unmet needs for the investment that creates real wealth. If the nation now chooses policies that will unleash that investment, there will be a capital burst that can lift the U.S. to new peaks of material prosperity and geopolitical strength.

Indisputably, the U.S. has lagged in global economic competition. Many of the nation's steel, automobile, rubber and other plants and mines are outmoded and inefficient. The reason is that relative to the size of its economy, the U.S. since the mid-1960s has invested only three-quarters as much as the West Germans and one-half as much as the Japanese in expanding and modernizing its factories and machines. Just to keep them up to date and to sharpen U.S. competitiveness in world markets, the President's Council of Economic Advisers projected in 1975, the U.S. would have to spend 12% of its national wealth on capital in-

vestment every year through 1979. Private economists have put the necessary figure as high as 16%. The nation has not even come close. Instead, it has spent in the range of 9.5% to 10%. By most expert estimates, the accumulated need for capital projects—factories, machines, transport systems, energy development—exceeds \$200 billion.

The realization is growing that the shortfall in investment is the main source of the nation's economic difficulties, and that the shortfall itself is rooted in policies that have led to too much statism and not enough private initiative. Liberal or conservative, Republican or Democrat, almost all the experts agree on the causes of America's capital lag:

- Government policies have discouraged personal savings and thus have retarded capital formation.
- Federal spending has diverted money from investment to consumption.

- Regulation has shifted capital away from productive, job-creating investments and into activities that may or may not be worthwhile for society but that create no new wealth. For example, the metals, paper, utilities, chemical and other industries have had to spend large sums for mandatory environmental protection equipment instead of machines and plants. In its

annual report last week, the Congressional Joint Economic Committee deplored the fact that industry in 1977 had to spend \$6.9 billion for pollution-abatement equipment "that does not contribute directly to the production of measured output."

- Inflation has heightened the risks of investment and led to extreme uncertainty, so that business decision makers have no confidence that an investment today of \$1—or \$1 billion—will pay off in the future. In a highly inflationary economy, managers have no sound means of estimating the real cost of a long-term project, no way of knowing whether profits will cover that cost. So they delay or abandon investment projects that seem marginal or chancy. Instead, they put the company money into a smaller number of investments that seem to be sure winners—or into buying out existing companies rather than opening new branches.

- The high bill for energy imports has put a tax on the nation that slows capital growth, impedes productivity, weakens the dollar and aggravates inflation.

What needs to be done is to reverse these



Illustrations for TIME by Eugene Mihassee

trends so that the nation spends relatively less personal income for today in order to save more for tomorrow; reduces the amount of money drained off by Government activities and increases the capital available for private investment; and decreases the sums flowing out for energy imports while expanding the sums put into developing domestic energy sources.

Accomplishing much of all that will be extremely tough for two reasons. First, laws enacted by previous Congresses commit the Government to increasing federal spending in the years ahead, even though such outlays reduce the capital available for investment; in many ways, the nation has mortgaged its future. Second, powerful groups have vested interests in keeping these laws just the way they are.

Since the early 1960s, Congress has passed so many laws that require automatic annual increases in federal outlays that the share of these "uncontrollables" has spiraled from less than \$100 billion then to \$404 billion in fiscal 1980. In the past ten years, they have jumped from 64% to 76% of the federal budget. Thus less than one-quarter of the budget is subject to paring—unless and until Congress is prepared to curb the uncontrollables. They seem politically sacrosanct because they are mostly transfer payments that go directly to citizens—for Social Security, Medicare, public assistance, veterans' benefits, civil service and military retirement funds. Nobody wishes to deprive further the aged and infirm, the poor and the ill. Yet the total bill for these benefits is expanding faster than the rate of inflation. Almost all legislators agree that the growth of Government spending should be reduced, but many are unwilling to face the wrath of lobbies for old people, veterans, civil servants and others.

Lobbies that support capital-sapping Government regulations are equally potent and vengeful. Big steelmakers, textile manufacturers and agribusiness interests put their political muscle behind tariffs and import quotas. Wealthy shipowners lavish contributions on legislators who support the Jones Act, which requires that U.S. flagships carry all cargo among domestic ports. Small but vocal groups—the membership of the 185 U.S. antinuclear organizations totals roughly 35,000—prevent the shift from imported oil to nuclear power.

It would seem suicidal for any political leader to challenge just a few of these groups, let alone most of them. Yet the broad mass of Americans are wearying of inflation, regulation and budget busting. They realize that those three mighty forces have impeded investment and caused the nation to fall behind, and they may be ready to support the courageous political leader who will tackle the special interests head-on. In times of such ferment, the public may well be prepared to accept fairly radical steps. Some possibilities:

Encourage Capital Formation. Gradually remove all Government limits on the amount of interest that banks and other savings institutions can pay, and eliminate all taxes on that interest. This would provide a tremendous boost to private savers, particularly the poor and middle-income Americans, who put a larger proportion of their savings into banks than affluent people do. Simultaneously, reduce or eliminate the double taxation on stock dividends. This would give a lift to investors and pull large sums of money into the stock market, including much capital from abroad, to finance the creation of new enterprises and the expansion and modernization of existing companies.

Encourage Investment by Selectively Reducing Regulation. Some Government rules are beneficial because they stimulate investment. For example, one sound regulation that should

be maintained is the rule that new automobiles must become increasingly gasoline-efficient until fleets average 27.5 miles per gal. in 1985. That law not only will save energy but will also encourage investment in new and better products. But the environmental regulations that retard the switch to coal, the expansion of nuclear power and the development of oil shale are debilitating to the nation. They not only waste energy but also increase oil imports and kill off job-creating capital projects.

Discourage Inflation and Encourage Stability. Limit the long-term increase in federal subsidies, Government benefits and budget transfer payments to the size of the real increase in economic growth. That is, if the gross national product after inflation rises 3% in a year, these federal payments may rise no more than 3%. Meanwhile, limit the growth in the money supply to a noninflationary 4% to 6% annually, year after year.

Discourage the Growth of Federal Spending. Sharply reduce grants to the states, most of which are running surpluses and do not need such large payments. Pare the defense budget by returning to some form of military draft, paying 19-year-olds at a rate of \$100 a month for one year's service. Such a move would arouse immediate protest and unpopularity, but it could reduce the Pentagon's personnel costs by several billions. As the growth of federal spending drops, the need for Government borrowing will decline, freeing up more capital for private investment.

Discourage Oil Imports. Impose a stiff federal tax on oil from abroad, enough to raise the price of gasoline to at least \$1 per gal., which would still be much less than the price in any other industrial nation except Canada. Some of the money could be returned as tax credits to the poor and to people who need to use much gasoline in their work, including farmers. The rest of the funds could be used to finance energy development at home. By restraining imports, the U.S. would slow the outflow of American capital to the OPEC cartel and would make still more of it available for investment in domestic energy sources.

Encourage Domestic Energy. Eliminate all controls on oil prices, which would then rise to world levels and stimulate conservation; such a move would also lead to the expansion of drilling in the U.S. and to the development of alternative sources of energy that would become economically competitive if oil prices were higher. Guarantee loans for the development of particularly chancy and costly alternatives: oil from shale and tar sands, natural gas from coal, and solar energy.

Encourage Energy Conservation. Place a 20% surtax on the commercial use of electricity—and watch those all-night lights that make skyscrapers glisten like Christmas trees blink out at 7 p.m. Use at least part of the revenues to increase tax credits for the purchase of insulation and the building of various energy-saving projects. This, in turn, would stimulate capital investment.

Already some favorable trends are in motion. Every poll shows the electorate moving closer to the political center. Voters are choosing candidates who advocate a sensible balance of moderate regulation and job-creating economic development. Taxes on capital and corporations are coming down, as well as taxes on individuals. In a nation of perpetual, peaceful revolution, the people are in revolt against high spending, heavy deficits and overreaching Government control.

What is needed is for the politicians to catch up with the people, to challenge them to accept some measures that might reduce special privileges for narrow-interest groups in order to enhance growth for the broad majority. If the U.S. continues to reverse some of the debilitating trends of the 1970s, then the 1980s could well become a brilliant decade for a nation that still has so many unmet needs—and so much potential for fulfilling them.

—Marshall Loeb



A Revolution in Rape

Keeping a woman's past sex life out of court

When it was time for "Alice," 19, a beautician trainee, to leave her favorite neighborhood bar in Detroit, she would occasionally accept a ride home from men. One night last December a fellow with a familiar face offered her a lift, so she hopped into his car. He promptly pulled a gun and took her to his house. There he and three other men hit her a few times, then raped her.

Until a few years ago, Alice's habit of accepting rides from strangers would have been the rapists' strongest defense. Since rape trials often hinge on the victim's word against the defendant's, a standard defense tactic has long been to make the woman appear to have been seeking sex. Courts allowed this, generally following the admonitory dictum on rape laid down in the 17th century by the English jurist Sir Matthew Hale: "An accusation easily to be made and hard to be proved, and harder to be defended by the party accused, tho never so innocent." Over the years, rape became encrusted with rules to protect men from vengeful women: almost anything about the victim's sex life was relevant, and the prosecution had to prove that she had tried to resist the attack. As a result, conviction rates had been much lower for rape than for other violent crimes.

But now the laws are changing. Since the mid-'70s Congress and half the states have adopted "rape shield laws" that protect rape victims from being unfairly grilled about their past sexual activity. Michigan's comprehensive 1974 rape reform law has been the model. At a preliminary hearing for the man who offered Alice a ride, the defendant's lawyer started asking her questions about her penchant for hitchhiking with men. Citing Michigan's shield law, the prosecutor successfully objected to that line of questioning. Unable to discredit Alice's testimony, the defense lawyer quickly made a deal his client would plead guilty to criminal sexual conduct in the first degree if the prosecutor agreed to drop charges of possessing a firearm and robbery. Still to be sentenced, the man will probably get 15 to 20 years.

Without the reform rule, the crime against Alice might never have been prosecuted. And if it had come to trial, says Susan Rohr, an adviser at the three-year-old Detroit Rape Counseling Center, "the defense attorney would have done every-

thing to keep the jury from thinking about the facts of the crime. Instead, he would have tried to make it seem that the victim was in the habit of making quick acquaintances with strange men in a bar late at night."

Changes in rape laws have been pressed by women's rights groups, who argue that rape victims have too often been "raped a second time" by the criminal justice system, and by law reformers,

only something done by men to women.

Almost all states no longer require the victim to prove that she resisted the rape to the utmost because lawmakers now recognize that resistance can risk further harm. Another feature of the old rape statutes that is disappearing is draconian penalties, which have been counterproductive: too often, juries would acquit rather than send a rapist to jail for a term of 20 years or more. Under the new laws, sentences are more flexible basically, the greater the violence, the stiffer the penalty. In Michigan, a man who already had a rape on his record was convicted of another, this one at gunpoint, and sentenced to eight to 15 years. But in another case,

a man who slapped and raped an acquaintance he occasionally met in a bar, but who used no other force and had no criminal record, got off with probation plus payment of court costs. Under the old law the prosecutor might not have bothered to take the case to trial, since the jury would probably not have convicted the man.

Along with changing social attitudes that have made women more willing to report rapes, as well as more careful and sensitive police work, the Michigan law has helped dramatically increase the number of rape convictions. In that state, there were 90% more successful prosecutions in 1977 than in 1972, while rapes that have been reported climbed by 30% and arrests by 62%. But defendants still get a fair trial. In Michigan, the law specifically admits proof of prior sex with the defendant. In some other states, the shield laws call for a balancing test: the judge considers whether the evidence of a woman's past history might prove that she really did consent to intercourse or if it would simply prejudice the jury against the victim. Usually he hears the evidence privately in his chambers before deciding whether the jury should hear it.

One change in the rape statutes that is likely to come more slowly is the abolition of the old common law rule that a husband cannot be convicted for raping his wife. A few states—Oregon, New Jersey, Delaware and Nebraska—have done so, and others are still considering whether to take that leap into the marital bedroom. But the difficulty was illustrated last December by the celebrated Rideout case in Oregon. Mrs. Rideout accused Mr. Rideout of rape and left him. But the jury acquitted, and two weeks later the Rideouts were reconciled, lovingly gazing at each other at a cocktail lounge for the benefit of a photographer. When last heard from they were separated again.



An 1887 illustration showing toughs abducting a woman victim. Now they can no longer be ravished a second time in court.

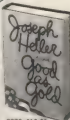
who want rape treated rationally, like any other violent crime. One step has been to drop the word rape. Many of the new statutes speak in terms of sexual assault, sexual battery or criminal sexual conduct and carefully define the act.

A bill now before the Texas legislature would go even further and eliminate any mention of sex; instead, it lists in clinically bland terms the various forms that forced intercourse can take and calls them all assault. Aggravated rape becomes aggravated assault, a first-degree felony punishable by five years to life. The Texas bill would also follow those in other states by being "sex neutral," or containing no assumption that rape is

**The Literary Guild
Editor's Extra**

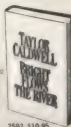
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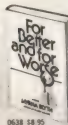
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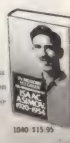
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Economy & Business

Storm over Surging Profits

A political problem for Carter and an embarrassment for companies

Profits are a little like pregnancy: usually a cause for celebration—but not always. A large increase in earnings brings more complaints than cheers when citizens are up in arms over soaring prices, workers are pressing for higher wages, and the White House is looking for someone, or something, to blame for its losing battle against inflation. In these circumstances, last week's report of an earnings surge created a serious political dilemma for President Carter and a public relations migraine for business.

The Commerce Department's preliminary figures for corporate profits in the final three months of 1978 seemed to suggest that pretax earnings had risen at an annual rate of more than 26%. Other calculations put the rise even higher. The reports of these large gains coincided with news that the Consumer Price Index in February had jumped at an annual rate of 15.4%, the worst rise in 4½ years. The result: an avalanche of criticism that business must be doing something nefarious to make so much and that the White House was failing to enforce price guidelines.

Alfred Kahn, the anti-inflation chief, warned that "business is now on trial in the eyes of the American people." Carter Aide Hamilton Jordan echoed that profits are "unnecessarily high." The strongest rebuke came from George Meany, 84, president of the AFL-CIO. Said he: "This demonstrates the greed of corporations. Business is guilty of the grossest demonstration of profit-gouging since the opening days of the Korean War."

Company executives counter-punched with arguments that the reported gains were misleadingly big and that profits really have been rising too slowly. Said R. Heath Larry, president of the National Association of Manufacturers: "We will not become the scapegoat of the Administration. High profits are not inflationary; they promote new technology and investment, reduce pressure on the credit market and lift corporate taxes. You have to feed the cow instead of kicking it if you want the milk."

There were wildly differing figures being bandied about on just how fast profits have risen, in part because the Commerce Department study can be read in different ways. Annual pretax profits for the last quarter of 1978, when adjusted

for the impact of inflation on depreciation and inventories, came to \$177 billion. That was a compounded rise of 44% on an annual basis over the third quarter and 19.4% over the fourth quarter of 1977. Pretax profits, without inflation adjustments, rose 26.4% compared with a year earlier.

Other studies, out last week, suggest that those gains are exaggerated. An N.A.M. analysis of the Commerce figures con-

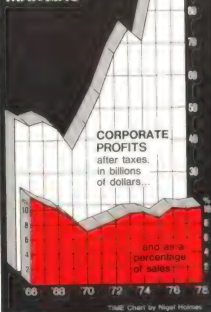
stronger than expected. Among the reasons: a bouncy economy that grew at a real annual rate of 6.9%, plants working at near capacity levels, and the guidelines themselves, which encouraged companies to lift prices by the maximum allowed. Said Economist Otto Eckstein, chief of Data Resources, Inc.: "The Government policymakers created a situation that was too favorable for business. They overstimulated the economy."

But, viewed historically, profits are not particularly high or out of line. As a percentage of the country's gross national product, earnings have been on a declining trend since the early 1950s, to 9.5% last year. Largely because of inflation and recessions, there was a severe squeeze in the early 1970s and again in 1975. So-called profit margins—that is, earnings as a percentage of sales—fell fairly steadily from 12.5% early in 1966 to 6.7% late in 1970 and then started to struggle back, though not to previous peaks. Margins last year climbed from 9.5% in the first quarter to 11% in the high-flying fourth quarter.

Both critics and champions of high earnings have not seen anything yet. The current quarter should show another surge from the first quarter of 1978, when profits were depressed by extreme cold and the coal strike. The economy continues to be stronger than previously anticipated, and the corporate tax rate on Jan. 1 declined from 48% to 46%. Higher fuel prices will cause oil company earnings to spurt—unless some form of excess-profits tax is rushed into place. Economist Alan Greenspan, head of Townsend-Greenspan & Co., estimates that profits after taxes in the three months will rise at an annual rate of about 20%.

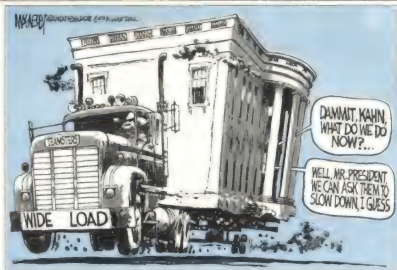
The row over "excessive" profits comes at a politically sensitive moment when the Administration is increasingly looking at business to take the rap for the failure of the anti-inflation campaign. While it is true that many companies are flush enough to hold down some planned price increases, it would be unfortunate if the Government took steps to punish those who earn an honest, if depreciating, dollar. Says Greenspan: "By any long-term standard, profits are still inadequate to create the type of capital investment that this country needs."

PLUMP EARNINGS, SLIM MARGINS



cluded that after-tax earnings, adjusted for the effect of inflation on depreciation and inventories, rose only 10.9% from the fourth quarter of '78. Meanwhile, New York City's Citibank separately calculated that real earnings from operations over the whole year rose only 2½%. Said the bank's *Monthly Economic Letter*: "Despite glowing earnings reports, many U.S. corporations are scrambling desperately to hold even against the inroads of inflation."

Yet it is true that earnings were



Guidelines Face a Rough Ride

Their fate may hang on the Teamsters' wage talks

Amid all the alarm over multiplying profits and double-digit inflation, the White House is facing what could be a make-or-break challenge to its Stage II efforts to restrain union pay demands. The crunch will come in its attempt to hold the critical Teamsters contract settlement within the Administration's "voluntary" guideline limits of 7% a year in wage and benefit increases. On the 13th floor of a hotel overlooking Arlington National Cemetery, union and management negotiators have been bargaining in earnest for more than a week to shape a new master freight agreement for the Teamsters' 270,000 drivers and loaders. The two sides have until midnight this Saturday, March 31, when the present contract expires, to reach an agreement.

The Teamsters are used to hefty settlements, and won more than 10% annually in their last contract. If they can somehow be persuaded to stay even close to this year's 7% guideline, the other pace-setting unions that will negotiate contracts later in 1978—the electrical, rubber and auto workers—may moderate their demands. But should the Teamsters gravely breach the guides, 3.3 million other union members whose contracts expire this year will probably feel free to go for broke. As one of the Administration's inflation fighters put it: "If we lose master freight, we can forget about Stage II."

The union is demanding an increase of 75¢ an hour in the first year and 50¢ in each of the next two years. Members now earn about \$9.40 an hour, and long-distance drivers can make \$30,000 a year. The drivers are also asking for bigger employer contributions to benefit plans and larger cost-of-living boosts. In all, the demands would come to a three-year increase of 35% to 38%, well above the guidelines.

Management's offer, on the other hand, is much closer to the guidelines. The companies are offering a 65¢ hourly wage increase in the first year, or 6.5%, followed by a raise of 10¢ an hour in each of the next two years. But various improvements in benefits and cost-of-living escalators would bring the whole package to roughly 23% over three years.

Both sides will give and take as the negotiations proceed, but there is a limit to how much Teamsters President Frank Fitzsimmons can bend. If he stays firm and wins a big settlement, that may help him fight off small but growing and vo-



Union Chief Frank Fitzsimmons

A 35% increase would quiet the dissidents.

cal dissident movements within his union. The insurgent groups—Washington-based PROD Inc. and the Teamsters for a Democratic Union in Detroit—aim to wrest control of the scandal-scarred union's leadership. The rebels want more democracy and a cleanup at the top.

Though the 10,000 or so dissidents will play no direct role in negotiations, their views accurately reflect those of many union members who have not joined them. The national leadership feels that a big settlement would help quiet members' broad complaints about unsafe working conditions, compulsory overtime and mismanagement of pension funds. If Fitzsimmons settles for too little, he risks handing the dissidents a major argument in future struggles.

Though neither side wants a strike, the union seems prepared to walk out if necessary. The Teamsters' bargaining council called for a strike authorization vote by its locals over the weekend, and approval by a large margin was expected. Since such a stoppage could bring the economy to a wrenching halt, the Carter Administration has made clear that it will move quickly to end any strike, probably by invoking the Taft-Hartley Act. That would require a 90-day cooling-off period, during which the truckers would be under court order to stay on the job.

With so much at stake, the White House has been using all its muscle to hold the agreement within the guidelines. Federal Mediator Wayne Horvitz, who helped arrange settlements in the postal and oil workers' negotiations, is sitting in on the bargaining and trying to nudge the two sides together. The Administration is implicitly threatening the industry against caving in to union demands. The Interstate Commerce Commission has informally told the companies that they will not be allowed to pass through—as higher rates—any raises of more than 7%. Until now, the ICC has merely rubber-stamped the requests of trucking firms.

Alfred Kahn, the President's senior inflation fighter, has warned that any agreement in excess of the guidelines would move the Administration to intensify its efforts to deregulate the trucking industry. That would make it easier for new firms to pick up lucrative routes. The trucking companies and drivers fear deregulation because competition may reduce rates, profits and job security. So far, key congressional committees have been cool to deregulation. There are major trucking firms in almost every congressional district, and they can bring much pressure on their legislators.

Thus the Teamsters' leadership is caught on a narrow, twisting road. If it accepts too little, it weakens its hold on the rank and file. If it pushes for too much, it risks the wrath of the White House and possible deregulation. Finding a compromise that will satisfy all sides is likely to be as difficult as gunning a ten-ton truck through the eye of a needle.

Economy & Business

Where the Experts Invest

They are worried too, but some havens are better than others

Mining vases? Antiques? Gold? Cattle? All can tumble out of favor and decline in price. So where is the perplexed American investor to park his extra cash and protect its value? Certainly not in a savings account. Had Phineas T. Barnum lived today, his famous dictum might well have been: There's a *saver* born every minute. In the inflationary 1970s, savers are suckers who stand to lose. If inflation should continue at February's 15.4% rate, every dollar put into a bank at 5½% interest will become 91.4¢ in real money a year from now—and a lot less than that after taxes are paid on the interest.

The rich and the professional economic advisers are also puzzled about where to place their money. But, since

they have more of it to worry about, they also tend to spend more time pondering ways to invest it. Here is what some of them are doing with their funds.

Nathan Cummings, 82, retired chairman, Consolidated Foods, Chicago. Having built his celebrated collection of more than 500 paintings and pieces of sculpture, he recommends art as an investment. Cummings also buys stocks of companies but pays more attention to the quality of their managers than the size of their immediate profits. In both the stock market and the art market, he has a philosophy of buy and hold. Once he acquires shares, he hangs on because he believes that sound management will overcome the vicissitudes of the economy.

Reggie Jackson, 32, outfielder, New York Yankees. The baseball millionaire chooses to invest in "tangibles," including a Volkswagen dealership in Canoga Park, Calif., a condominium project in Reno, a twin-engine Beechcraft plane, and five antique cars. Jackson advises friends "Start building a cash reserve. And then buy things, things you can touch."

Moreton Binn, 42, president of Atwood Richards, the nation's largest bartering firm, New York City. Binn is 32nd on a list of top-money-winning horse owners, and he puts much of his money into a 172-acre farm where he raises thoroughbreds. That is a costly business; prices for a good mare start at \$25,000. So Binn advises smaller investors to get into breeding "on a partnership basis only."

Wayne Rogers, 44, actor. Even before Rogers became famous as Trapper John in the TV series *M*A*S*H*, he was boning up on finance and managing the money of his friends, actors Peter Falk, James Caan and Jack Webb. In 1969, with those and other pals, he bought 2,500 acres of farm land in Paso Robles, Calif., for \$750,000 and turned 500 acres into a vineyard that has become famous for its Merlot grapes. Future plans call for building a 40,000-case winery on the property. The land is now worth \$7 million and that, Rogers says, "can make you a very interesting person to talk to at cocktail parties."

Edward Ball, 91, a senior trustee of the multimillion-dollar Alfred I. duPont estate, Jacksonville, Fla. Ball is investing his cash in what he calls "Florida sand and mud." Says he: "Real estate of almost any type is a good buy. There's only so much of it here, and there are more people every month."

Robert Nathan, 70, economic consultant, Washington. Nathan believes that

Clockwise from top: Yankee Slugger Reggie Jackson; Horse Breeder Moreton Binn; Art Collector Nathan Cummings; Patriots' Owner William Sullivan; Wayne Rogers



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"stocks and bonds are for the birds under current economic conditions. They are not adequate hedges against inflation. Land is the best." For investors who need income, Nathan suggests buying "real property"—apartments, office buildings, things that offer a reasonable return and good appreciation." His own investments have been in farm land; one 270-acre spread in Maryland has quintupled in value in the 15 years that Nathan has had an interest in it.

Felix Rohatyn, 50, partner, Lazard Frères, New York City. He has made only one major investment in the past six months, a house on 2½ acres in Southampton, N.Y. "If worse comes to worse, I can always plant some lettuce and corn and live off the land," he says. Rohatyn is filling his house with antiques because "what I paid \$1,000 for this year, I probably could have bought for \$300 two years ago, and probably would have to spend \$2,000 for a year and a half from now." He also cites as a "spectacularly good investment" the Manhattan co-op apartment he bought two years ago that has since doubled in value.

Michael Halberstam, 46, cardiologist and author, Washington. Halberstam chooses real estate investments, largely because he regards his knowledge of stocks and bonds as "minuscule." But, he reasons, "I do know that the home I bought ten years ago has appreciated 300%. That is certainly not the case with the stocks in my mutual fund."

Paul Samuelson, 63, economist, Belmont, Mass. He points to studies going back to the 1920s to show that "putting money out at the shortest intervals has been the best hedge against inflation." So Samuelson recommends that investors place their cash in six-month certificates of deposit in savings banks; or in the money-market funds—open-ended mutual funds that invest in short-term securities such as certificates of deposit, commercial paper and Treasury bills—that offer check-writing privileges.

Alan Greenspan, 53, economist, New York City. "First plant cash in short-term CDs, and then plan what to do with it later. Move the money out only if you find better yields elsewhere."

Murray Weidenbaum, 52, economist, St. Louis. He has been putting his money into short-term securities like Treasury bills. When interest rates peak and start declining, he plans to shift into three-to-five year Treasury notes and perhaps municipal bonds to lock in the higher rates. Less than one-quarter of his assets are in stocks. Says Weidenbaum, "I have been the typical small investor who gets burned repeatedly. I have had a diversified portfolio of lemons."

Henry Bloch, 56, president, H & R Block of Kansas City. He invests in tax-free municipal bonds, as befits a tax expert in the lofty 70% bracket. Bloch points out that munis are safe, and enormously liquid, and they can be bought in denominations as low as \$1,000.

William Sullivan, 63, vice president, the

Pittston Co., Boston. Over the years, a large part of Sullivan's investable funds has gone to the New England Patriots, the professional football team he bought in 1959, and which did not begin to pay dividends until 1972. But he recommends that small investors sink their money into stocks. "Look at companies that have a record of good management, where you see recruiters grabbing off their people for top jobs," he suggests. Such raiding is a sign that a firm is soundly managed.

C. Peter McCollough, 56, chairman, Xerox, Stamford, Conn. He compares the current period with the early 1950s, when stock price-earnings ratios were also low and shares, in retrospect, were a good deal. "We're not going to see the end of inflation," he concedes, "but by and large, companies have the chance now to offset inflation with price increases."

William Donaldson, 47, dean, Yale School of Organization and Management, New Haven, Conn. He thinks that "the time to buy stocks is when nobody else seems to want them." For Donaldson, that means now. He is acquiring data processing, office equipment and oil industry service stocks, which he also recommends for other investors.

Louis Ruker, 46, TV host, *Wall Street Week*, Greenwich, Conn. Putting his money where his mouth often is, Ruker is building a retirement fund predominantly with stocks. Says he: "I am

systematically accumulating underpriced equities of top companies. The rich people of 1989 are buying stocks in 1979." Ruker advises that the average family should buy its own home, "but if anyone tells you that real estate can't miss, ask him to speak to some of the people who bought real estate investment trusts over the past ten years."

Joan Ganz Cooney, 49, president, Children's Television Workshop, New York City. She calls her investments "a good mix for an amateur"—a co-op apartment, a tax-exempt bond fund for short-term liquidity, and long-term investments in companies on whose boards she serves as a director. This blend of real estate, bonds and stocks would work for others who have as little time as Cooney has to worry about investment because, she says, "you are hedged, and you don't need expertise."

Even the experts, of course, can never be more than half safe. Art Collector Cummings was once taken in by a fake Cézanne; tax-shelter swindles have left such presumably smart investors as New York Senator Jacob Javits, Norton Simon Chairman David Mahoney and former Citibank Chairman George Moore with red faces and hefty losses. In the final analysis, Banker Rohatyn has the surest advice: "The only real hedge against inflation is what you carry around in your head—know-how."



Pricey condos in Aspen's luxurious Gant complex sell for \$300,000 to \$700,000

Schuss Boom in Colorado

Where is real estate climbing fastest in the U.S.? Try Aspen and neighboring Snowmass, Colo., the ski-and-sun resort area whose population of 17,000 swells to 35,000 when the snow is on the trails from Thanksgiving through mid-April. Six years ago, studio apartments in the Lichenhearth condominium complex sold for \$30,000; today, these 675-sq.-ft. jewel boxes go for \$175,000. Last year Jay Kuhne, a California real estate man, parted with \$275,000 for his three-bedroom town house condo on the Aspen Club grounds; this year the unit is selling for \$675,000. Prices are rising by the month. A studio with sleeping alcove that changed hands at \$125,000 in January is now priced at \$175,000.

Some of the demand comes from Europeans, who find the Rockies cheaper than the Alps, but condo buyers are mainly affluent U.S. skiers. A big reason for Aspen's inflation is its restrictive zoning and new growth-management plan, which encourage low-income housing and limit the pace of luxury construction. Says Hans Cantrup, a developer: "The building quota has already been used up for the next three years." Canny Cantrup has growth-management approval for his plans to put up 30 town houses. Price: \$1 million each.

The Dangers of Counting on Coal

A year after the strike, the industry is still in the pits

It seems that the more the oil squeeze tightens, the bigger grows the glut of other fuels that ought to be easing the pinch. First came last winter's natural gas surplus brought on by price decontrol. Now, from West Virginia to Wyoming, miners are burying themselves under millions of tons of stockpiled coal that no one wants.

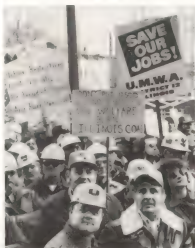
The Carter Administration has hoped that a doubling of coal output by 1985 would reduce the U.S.'s dependence on foreign oil. But production has risen by only about 10% from last year's strike-depressed level of 654 million tons, and consumption of the fuel has remained stagnant. Coal today supplies about 18% of U.S. energy needs, an increase of less than 1% since 1973, the year of the Arab oil embargo. Meanwhile, mines have closed, expansion plans have been shelved and by industry estimates, up to 10% of the nation's more than 200,000 miners have been laid off.

In Illinois, the nation's fourth largest coal-producing state, some 3,000 angry miners last week descended on the capitol in Springfield to protest the deepening gloom that is settling over the mines. In the rugged Appalachian heartland that reaches from the Virginias to eastern Kentucky, more than 10,000 miners have been idled since last summer, and they are angry and resentful.

The industry is suffering because the Carter Administration's coal policy was never fully thought out. The idea was that increased output would enable utilities and factories to switch from oil and gas to coal for generating electricity and for heating. In terms of energy content, coal is indeed a bargain compared with other fossil fuels. A ton of coal contains about the same amount of energy as 4 bbls. of crude oil, but at the going rate of about

\$25 a ton for most existing long-term delivery contracts, coal is only half as costly as OPEC crude. Unfortunately, the savings are offset by the huge costs of transporting and burning coal, and the tax incentives that the Administration proposed to ease that burden were woefully inadequate.

During the winter, Energy Secretary James Schlesinger began urging oil-fired utilities and factories to convert not to coal but to natural gas. This was to have been only a short-term move to help soak up the gas glut, but it created the misleading impression that coal was not the Administration's favorite fuel after all. Asserts Jim Larson, president of Energy Fuels Corp., Colorado's largest coal producer: "There is a simple lack of leadership. From where I sit, you just have to wonder what in hell is going on back there in



Illinois miners protest at state capitol

Washington." The industry's biggest problem is that environmental laws have made digging and burning the fuel a bureaucratic nightmare. Worst offender: the antipollution amendments that Congress added to the Clean Air Act, with Carter's support, in the rush just before the summer adjournment in 1977. Enforcement regulations proposed by the Environmental Protection Agency would sharply tighten the already strict standards on pollution emissions and make burning coal more difficult than ever. The amendments already require, among other things, that new coal-fired plants install highly complex "scrubbers" to remove sulfur pollution from exhaust smoke. The scrubbers cost \$80 million or more for an average-size, 800-megawatt generating plant. What really upsets coalmen is that the regulations would force utilities to use scrubbers to remove up to 85% of sulfur pollutants even from coal that has virtually no sulfur content at all, an incredible waste of money.

In Greenwich, Conn., the EPA has even successfully sued another quasi-independent federal agency, Conrail, and forced it to stop using a coal-fired generator that produces electricity for commuter trains. The generating plant is being converted at taxpayer expense to burn the very fuel the White House is trying to discourage—imported oil.

Seeing all this, businessmen are coming to the conclusion that burning coal is just asking for trouble. Since the annual growth of U.S. electric energy consumption has slowed from nearly 7% in the early 1970s to little more than 4% now, utilities are scrapping or deferring plans for new generating plants.

A few coal companies are faring well in spite of the industry's travail. In the West, strip-mine operations have benefited from low labor costs and long-term contracts at profitable rates. But other companies have wound up merely digging up the coal and dumping it on the ground. Utility companies have stockpiled so much that many now have no more room to store the fuel. Meanwhile, the surplus is forcing down contract prices for single shipments, which have tumbled from about \$31 a ton a year ago to as little as \$19 a ton now.

Prices will not stabilize until demand catches up with supply, and that could take months and even years if the Administration does not act effectively to make the fuel more attractive. In the long term, nothing is more important than enacting legislation to curb the regulatory rampages of the EPA, which in most cases is answerable to nobody. Right now, the most effective step the President can take is to free the price of domestic crude oil. As it floats up to world levels, bargain-basement coal will look more and more like the attractive alternative the White House keeps insisting it is.



Unused stockpile at Connecticut power plant that was forced to switch to burning oil

"You just have to wonder what in hell is going on back there in Washington."

Isn't it time to give a tax break to savers?

On the average, the British save 13% of their disposable income. The West Germans save 15%. The Japanese, 25%. But Americans save only 6.5%!

This is a disturbing fact, especially when you consider that much of the money needed for the economic growth of America can be traced back to personal savings accounts.

Without savings, there can be no investment. Without investment, there can be no new jobs created.

A major reason people in other nations save more is that they are given tax incentives by their governments for saving.

Americans don't receive incentives to save. In fact, by taxing the interest earned on savings accounts, this country discourages saving.

Isn't it time the Congress of the United States gave a tax break to savers? This would encourage more savings, which would help stabilize the economy and bring inflation under control.

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Economy & Business

Ford's Future

Henry II steps out—partly

The plump, graying man stood up in his shirtsleeves last week in the sweltering 88° heat of Melbourne, Australia, and made a surprising announcement. Said Chairman Henry Ford II to his firm's local managers: "By the end of this year I will have relinquished my executive responsibilities with the Ford Motor Co."

Thus the celebrated dynast signaled that he was letting go of a \$43 billion company he has headed for 34 years. It has been generally thought that Ford would start phasing out after Sept. 4, 1980, when he turns 63. He apparently speeded up the timetable for several reasons.

He has been troubled by problems, from recalls and suits over the safety of earlier Pintos to a widely publicized shareholders' suit against himself (since thrown out of court) to a messy separation from his second wife Christina. Since an angina attack hospitalized him three years ago, Ford has aged, and has paid close attention to setting up a succession by trusted subordinates and family members.

Last July Ford fired President Lee Iacocca, who was later replaced by Philip Caldwell. Some time before Jan. 1, Caldwell will probably replace Ford as chairman as well as chief executive, and Executive Vice President William O. Bourke, 51, is expected to move to the president's post; both are highly able, although less colorful than Ford. Meanwhile, Henry's brother William Clay Ford, 54, is expected to remain as chairman of the executive committee.

Henry Ford may stay on as chairman of a revised finance committee and a director. Said one Ford Motor Co. insider: "As long as he has the power to hire and fire chief executives, don't count him out."

Henry's only son, Edsel, 30, is expected to move to Detroit from his job as assistant managing director

of Ford's Australia operations. He is enthusiastic and well liked. Says a former boss: "Edsel is like his father—more savvy than smart." Henry II has long hoped that Edsel would eventually become chief; yet even though the Ford family owns 40% of the voting stock, it is by no means certain that there is an Edsel in Ford's future. Said Henry II, as Edsel listened impassively in the audience: "It is very difficult to predict for a young man who is 30 what his situation is going to be when he is 50."



Chairman Keizo Saji savors the pleasures of owning the company—still, pot and barrel

The Saga of Rising Suntory

Attracting some customers away from the three-sake lunch

"Work hard, drink hard" is not exactly a national motto, but the Japanese seem to do both with rare dedication. Last year they spent a staggering \$17.8 billion on alcoholic beverages, up fivefold from ten years ago. Of the \$222 that the average Japanese adult invests in hard stuff every year, 42% goes for beer and 31% for sake (rice wine). What is remarkable is the rise of a Western spirit: whisky. It accounts for 20% of all alcohol sales and comes in scores of brands, more than half of them made in Japan.

The main force behind this whisky rebellion is Keizo Saji, 59, the professorial chairman of Suntory Ltd. He and his family own Suntory still, pot and barrel. Last year the company's after-tax profits are estimated to have reached \$57 million on sales of \$2.8 billion. With volume last year of 26 million cases of Scotch-type whisky, Suntory not only commands 64% of Japan's whisky market but also claims to be the world's leading private distiller.

Saji's father, who started as an Osaka wine importer, began touting Scotch half a century ago. At the time, it was an exotic import favored notably by Japanese naval officers, who had picked up the taste from British seamen. He opened the first Japanese whisky distillery, using as working drawings for the equipment rough sketches of pot stills brought back from Scotland. Lighter and possessing slightly more body than most Scotch whiskies, premium 84-proof Suntory brands, which almost all Japanese drink mixed with water or soda, are deemed by many experts to be first-class blends.

After his father's death in 1962, Saji took over and launched an aggressive drive to persuade Japanese to drink whisky instead of sake with their lunch.

*By comparison, American adults spend an average \$249 each

Among other tactics, he used such Western personalities as Sammy Davis Jr. to tout Suntory on TV. Some Suntory salesmen were attacked by knife-wielding chefs outraged at the attempt to Westernize the traditional Japanese cuisine by urging diners to drink Scotch instead of sake. But today millions of homes and almost every bar and restaurant stock at least some of Suntory's 15 brands. In price and quality, they range widely. The pedestrian Toris costs \$2.25 a fifth, while Suntory's best, called The Whiskey, goes for a heady \$250. Most popular brand: Suntory Old, which retails for \$11.75 and comes in a distinctive black potbellied bottle. (The prices are slightly higher in the U.S.)

Unlike most Japanese businessmen who rely on consensus management, Saji constantly dares his 3,700 employees to express their individuality and come up with "breakthrough ideas." Says he: "Out of a rigid consensus system, no good ideas can emerge." One of Saji's ideas was to promote his company's beer and wine as well as whisky through franchised Suntory Pubs; 30,000 of them now dot Japan. He also opened a computerized distillery in 1973 near Mount Fuji. With only 75 employees, it turns out 11.8 million gallons a year, or 60% of Suntory's malt whisky production.

Celebrating his firm's 80th anniversary this year, Saji spent \$7.5 million to set up a Suntory foundation that aims to better define for foreigners Japan's political, cultural and economic role in the world. That gesture probably was not purely philanthropic. Suntory's U.S. sales are minuscule, less than 50,000 cases last year. Saji's hope is that the foundation will enhance Suntory's presence—and possibly sales—in the world's richest and most sought-after market.



Edsel and father

COVER STORY

Psychiatry on the Couch

To shake the blues, Freud's disciples seek new directions

Patient's name: Psychiatry.

Age: In middle years.

History: European born. After sickly youth in the U.S., traveled to Vienna and returned as Dr. Freud's Wunderkind. Amazing social success for one so young. Strong influence on such older associates as Education, Government, Child Rearing and the Arts, and a few raffish friends like Advertising and Criminology.

Complaint: Speaks of overwork, loss of confidence and inability to get provable results. Hears conflicting inner voices and insists that former friends are laughing behind his back. Patient agrees with Norman Mailer: "It's hard to get to the top in America, but it's even harder to stay there."

Diagnosis: Standard conflictual anxiety and maturational variations, complicated by acute depression. Identity crisis accompanied by compensatory delusions of grandeur and a declining ability to cope. Patient averse to the therapeutic alliance and shows incipient overreliance on drugs.

Recommended treatment: Requires further study.

Prognosis: Problematic.



Sigmund Freud, founder of psychoanalysis, and his celebrated couch in Vienna

Transforming a patient's "hysterical misery into common unhappiness."

Each day millions of Americans talk, scream, confront,

jump, paint, dance, strip, tickle and grope their way toward emotional fulfillment. They are sampling one or more of the 200 or so therapies and countless pseudo therapies that are now being peddled in the U.S. as panaceas for unhappiness, anxiety or worse. At one end of this therapeutic spectrum are such exuberant exercises in self-help as biofeedback and Transcendental Meditation; at the other end, close-order drill for the psyche, like est. All but trampled by this stampede toward satisfaction lies the battered body of the medical specialty that once held the exclusive franchise for curing all maladies of the mind. Obviously it no longer does—one reason why psychiatry itself is now on the couch.

The symptoms of psychiatry's ills are apparent enough. The U.S. has 27,000 psychiatrists in active practice, up from 5,800 in 1950. But now the bloom is off the therapeutic rose. Today only 4% to 5% of medical school graduates go into psychiatry, vs. 12% in 1970. Says one doctor: "Psychiatry is not where the action is."

Indeed, on every front, psychiatry seems to be on the defensive. Private groups with names like Alliance for the Mentally Ill are beginning to batter the profession and its hospitals

with the same kind of malpractice suits that plague the rest of medicine. Many psychiatrists want to abandon treatment of ordinary, everyday neurotics ("the worried well") to psychologists and the amateur Pop therapists. After all, does it take a hard-won M.D. degree (a prerequisite psychologists do not need) to chat sympathetically and tell a patient you're-much-too-hard-on-yourself? And if psychiatry is a medical treatment, why can

its practitioners not provide measurable scientific results like those obtained by other doctors?

Psychiatrists themselves acknowledge that their profession often smacks of modern alchemy—full of jargon, obfuscation and mystification, but precious little real knowledge. The Patty Hearst trial was a typical embarrassment—one battery of distinguished psychiatrists neatly explained that Hearst was ill, another insisted that she was not. To radicals, feminists and homosexuals, psychiatry is just one more villainous agent of the status quo. More than a century ago, an antebellum psychiatrist blithely explained that slaves who tried to escape from their masters were suffering from "dromomania," the runaway disease. How does the public know that 20th century psychiatry is not still retailing dromomania in more sophisticated guises?

As always, psychiatrists are their own severest critics. Thomas Szasz, long the most outspoken gadfly of his profession, insists that there is really no such thing as mental illness, only normal problems of living. E. Fuller Torrey, another antipsychiatry psychiatrist, is willing to concede that there are a few brain diseases, like schizophrenia, but says they can be treated with only a handful of drugs that could be administered by general practitioners or internists. He writes: "The psychiatrist has become expendable; he is left standing between the people who have problems in living and those who have brain disease, holding an empty bag." By contrast, the Scottish psychiatrist and poet R.D. Laing is sure that schizophrenia is real—and that it is good for you. Explains Laing: it is a kind of psychedelic epiphany, far superior to normal experience.

Even mainline practitioners are uncertain that psychiatry can tell the insane from the sane. In one experiment, Stanford's D.L. Rosenhan planted eight sane volunteers, one of them a psychiatrist, in public and private psychiatric wards scattered across the country and told them to behave normally. Many inmates quickly realized that the eight impostors were sane because the would-be patients kept taking notes. But the staff psychiatrists



Photograph for TIME by Reid Miles

Behavior

never did. Says Rosenhan: "Any diagnostic process that lends itself so readily to massive errors of this sort cannot be a very reliable one."

As is all too plain, psychiatry, especially analysis, is now suffering a bad case of mid-life blues. Whatever else the Freudian movement accomplished, it raised hopes dramatically, set the stage for the narcissistic excesses of today's Me Decade, and propagated the notion that mind science was on the brink of blowing away all mental ills. "Psychiatry was overrated," says Psychiatrist and Author Robert Coles. "Then there was the disenchantment, not only of patients, but also, of course, professionals." Adds Robert Michels, head of Cornell Medical Cen-

ter's Payne Whitney Hospital and Clinic: "The public's enthusiasm for psychiatry 20 years ago was based on an insane interpretation of psychiatry."

Freud's dazzling and complex theory of the mind—one of the great intellectual triumphs of all time—came along when American psychiatry was doing little more than warehousing the insane and performing the occasional crude Cuckoo's Nest lobotomy. Though most of Europe's intelligentsia remained unimpressed with Freud, a generation of largely Jewish disciples of the master, fleeing Hitler and the Nazis, spread the faith widely in the U.S. It quickly attracted the well-to-do, who could afford the treatment, and enticed the literati, who were smitten

Better Living Through Biochemistry

Although drugs have been used for decades to fight mental illness, scientists have not really understood how they worked. Now all that is changing. A miraculous pharmacopoeia is being explored to deal with every kind of ailment in the mind and body. Not too far off may be tailor-made drugs that will lull insomniacs into peaceful sleep, dull the throbbing of pain, organize a schizophrenic's thoughts and perhaps even simulate the pleasures of sex.

This revolution has been gradually brewing. Until they discovered in the 1930s that the disease pellagra was caused simply by a deficiency of B-complex vitamins, doctors thought that it was a form of psychosis. But proof that body and psyche are really part and parcel of the same physiological system did not come until the discovery of the first tranquilizers in the early 1950s. It was drugs like Thorazine that rapidly emptied mental hospitals, reducing a population of 560,000 to fewer than 200,000 in barely a generation.

Still, discoveries almost amounted to biochemical wizardry. Why, for instance, did drugs control disordered thought and hallucinations in some schizophrenics, yet fail abysmally in others? To unravel such puzzles, researchers turned increasingly to the brain, composed of tens of billions of nerve cells called neurons. Passing electrical impulses from one part of the brain to an-



Solomon Snyder and brain chemicals' model

other, these elongated, finger-like cells communicate with one another across junctions or gaps—synapses—by the release of chemicals called neurotransmitters. As these chemical broad jumpers leap across a synapse, carrying their message, they attach themselves to the neighboring cell, triggering a fresh electrical charge in the adjoining neuron.

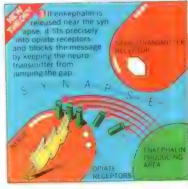
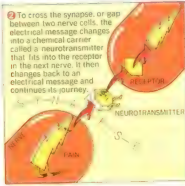
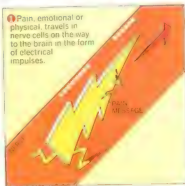
So far, scientists have found at least 20 neurotransmitters. Each of these chemicals has a unique molecular configuration. As a result, neurotransmitters—and any of the chemicals that mimic them—work like keys in a lock. They can only fit into those sites, or receptors, on the nerves that are spe-

cifically designed to accept them.

The intricacies of this system are just beginning to be unraveled. Scientists speculate that when the body produces too few or too many such chemicals, behavioral problems ensue. Severe depression, for instance, could be linked to abnormally low levels of a family of neurotransmitters called monoamines (serotonin, noradrenaline and dopamine), which can be destroyed by an enzyme called monoamine oxidase (MAO). To keep the enzyme from doing its work, chemists have developed drugs called MAO inhibitors. Other antidepressants, the tricyclics, increase the life of monoamines in the synapse.

Similarly, scientists have found that a low level of the neurotransmitter serotonin may be linked to insomnia. Researchers have been experimenting with tryptophan, the chemical from which the body makes serotonin. Only a small dose of tryptophan—which is found in many foods, notably milk—seems to ease the insomniac to sleep.

As promising as this research has been, Government agencies did not open the funding spigot for it until the 1970s, when the return of many drug-addicted veterans of Viet Nam prompted concern about just how such opiates as heroin and morphine work. The payoff came quickly. In 1973 three groups of researchers, Solomon Snyder and Candace Pert of Johns Hopkins University, Eric Simon of New York University and Lars Terenius of Uppsala, Sweden, announced almost simultaneously the dis-



by the subtlety and symbolism of these fashionable excursions into the subconscious.

Throughout the 1940s and 1950s, psychoanalytic chic ran high, generating optimism about its potential that far outran Freud's. The master, of course, thought he had made a decisive breakthrough, but one destined to be modified by other discoveries, some of them biological and chemical. Psychoanalysis, he said, could do little for the seriously ill, such as schizophrenics and other psychotics, and even many neurotics should expect little more than transforming "hysterical misery into common unhappiness." Even that might not be achieved if the patient was too old and set in his ways.

Freudian psychoanalysts in particular, who account for only 10% of the nation's psychiatrists, have felt the common un-

nappiness of post-Freudian deflation. Freudian talk therapy is designed for the less seriously ill, precisely the constituency that has shifted toward quick Pop treatments. A 1976 survey by the American Psychoanalytic Association showed that the average psychoanalyst had 4.7 patients under treatment, down from 6.2 a decade earlier. Applications to the Freudian training institutions are also declining. When Psychoanalyst Herbert Hendin, director of the Center for Psychosocial Studies in Montrose, N.Y., applied to the prestigious Columbia Psychoanalytic Clinic for Training and Research a generation ago, more than 120 students competed for nine openings. "Now," he says, "they're lucky to get twelve applicants for roughly the same number of spots."

In classical Freudian psychoanalysis, the patient, lying on

covery of specific receptors for such opiates in the brain. Snyder's lab located a high density of receptors in the medial thalamus, an area of the brain responsible for registering deep sustained pain; in the amygdala, a region of the brain's limbic system that plays a role in controlling emotion; and in the spinal cord.

But scientists wondered why the body developed opiate receptors in the first place, unless it somehow produces its own internal narcotics. Acting on just such a premise, Pharmacologists John Hughes and Hans Kosterlitz at Scotland's University of Aberdeen in 1975 isolated two peptides from the brains of pigs. Remarkably, the peptides seemed to be natural opiates. Hormonologist Choh Hao Li of the University of California in San Francisco had already discovered similar molecules in the pituitary glands of camels, animals whose insensitivity to pain had long intrigued scientists. Hughes and Kosterlitz dubbed the molecules enkephalins (from the Greek word for head). Subsequently, scientists identified kindred painkilling molecules that they called endorphins (meaning "the morphine within").

Researchers are convinced that such chemicals may explain many behavioral mysteries. During World War II, Army medics were astonished by some soldiers who had lost limbs yet did not complain of pain; scientists now believe that these wounded men produced extra endorphins to dull the agony. Similar chemical magic may explain how



University of Chicago Researcher Richard Miller with student and friend

Indian fakirs walk over hot coals and how acupuncture and placebos work.

The mind chemicals also hold promise for controlling emotional pain. Because the emotion-controlling amygdala region of the brain is rich in enkephalin receptors, scientists speculate that the molecules may act as a defense against disappointments and trauma. At the Salk Institute, Floyd Bloom is studying the possibility that endorphins may be involved in the pleasure received from alcohol and opiates. Once a person begins taking heroin, say, the natural production of endorphins may decrease. Thus, if addicts try to go cold turkey, the agony of withdrawal is severe. If scientists can create nonaddictive chemicals that bind, like the opiates—and work at Yale with clonidine suggests that they can—to the appropriate receptors, they may be able to ease pain of all kinds, including that connected with stopping a heroin habit.

Once able to locate the brain's opiate receptors, scientists can use their new strategies to draw a biochemical map of all the other neurotransmitters and to learn how chemicals plug into the brain. At Northwestern University, Aryeh Routenberg is studying the chemical pathways of the brain's reward system, which when stimulated produces sensations of pleasure. If schizophrenics are indeed on a dopa-

mine "high," their internal reward systems may be constantly turned on. His University of Chicago colleague Richard J. Miller is tracing the link between dopamine and endorphins. At M.I.T., Richard Wurtman, who is studying various neurotransmitters, notably acetylcholine, has found that their production can be increased by diet. Indeed, by upping a patient's intake of foods rich in lecithin—a precursor of acetylcholine—especially egg yolks, meat and fish, such disorders as senility, manic-depression and the loss of motor control associated with the degenerative disease Huntington's chorea, or tardive dyskinesia, can be substantially alleviated.

Some neuroscientists even foresee the day when these new biochemical tools may be used analytically. Thus it would become possible to diagnose mental illness from a simple blood, urine or spinal fluid sample. Once imbalances in body chemistry are determined, doctors would be able to adjust them by administering the appropriate drugs. Harvard's Dr. Seymour Kety insists that such tactics are far from mind control: "You can't manipulate an individual's behavior in the way the popular mind would like to think." But Northwestern's Routenberg is not so sure. Says he: "These techniques are extremely powerful. Some day we're going to have to have a mind SALT talk."

Concentrations of enkephalin are found in the limbic system, medial thalamus, and central gray area of the brain and in the spinal cord, the regions involved in the perception and conducting of pain signals.

SAE. Diagram by Nigel Houston

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ACS1870

Behavior

the inevitable couch, meets with the analyst for an hour, three to five times a week. Whether the patient talks about problems, fears and dreams, or simply free associates—voicing any thoughts that come to mind—the theory is that his unconscious difficulties will gradually break through into conscious thought. The analyst is generally passive and silent, offering no advice and speaking only to prod the patient into uncovering more nuggets from the inner recesses of the mind. The key to the Freudian "cure" is transference—the analyst replaces some crucial figure in the patient's background, usually a parent—and the patient eventually re-experiences blocked emotions and frees himself of the past.

Forty years after Freud's death, the effectiveness of his therapy is still being debated, even among psychiatrists and psychologists who generally accept his theories and discoveries. (A sample panel discussion, scheduled for next month in New York City: "The Outcome of Psychotherapy: Benefit, Harm or No Change?") Psychoanalysts usually cite the "one-third" rule of thumb: of all patients, one-third are eventually "cured," one-

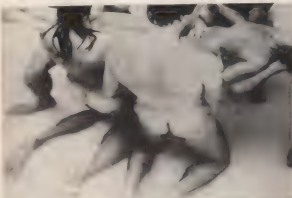


Arthur Janov conducting primal scream therapy in Los Angeles

zier, himself "a card-carrying psychoanalyst," sees his own patients for only as long or short a time as he deems necessary, some for as little as 15 minutes, others for 2½ hours. Months may go by between visits, he says, but "when we see each other, these people really go to work."

That sort of dilution of the Freudian creed is already far advanced, and some critics predict that classical psychoanalysis will soon be extinct. The 1976 survey by the American Psychoanalytic Association showed that 70% of its members' patients were already receiving some kind of therapy other than psychoanalysis. Since there is no agreement on what works, Freudians—along with neo-Freudians, psychologists, counselors and Pop therapists—are all increasingly eclectic, borrowing bits and pieces of one another's methods. Even at hospitals still dominated by Freudian theory, psychiatric residents now get far more training in neurology, biochemistry, hypnosis and behavior modification than in such traditional gospel as the interpretation of dreams.

This scientific smorgasbord may indicate great creative ferment, or simply confusion, a hedging of bets against what will turn out to be the hot therapy of the 1980s. Psychiatry seems sure of one thing: it does not want to move in the direction of the pseudo therapies, although it occasionally profits from them. Says Miami Psychiatrist Paul Daruna: "Some Pop therapies generate business by stirring people up, jostling them about so they eventually turn to individual therapy." Still, many psychiatrists already feel underemployed, because they often fill many of the same functions as psychiatric social workers, nurses and related professionals. Not that these professionals do not perform

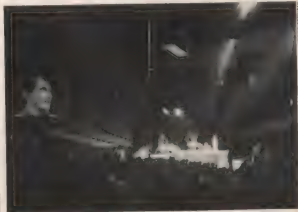


People undergoing "rebirthing" at a workshop in Sandstone, Calif.

third are helped somewhat, and one-third are not helped at all. The trouble is that most therapies, including some outlandish ones, also claim some improvement for two-thirds of their patients. Critics argue that many patients go into analysis after a traumatic experience, such as divorce or a loved one's death, and are bound to do better anyway when the shock wears off. One study shows improvement for people merely on a waiting list for psychoanalytic treatment; presumably the simple decision to seek treatment is helpful.

From its inception, psychoanalysis has been plagued by an elitist image. Most patients are middle and upper class, and even today only 2% are nonwhite. Analysts say that the treatment works best for the YAVIS (Young, Adaptable, Verbal, Intelligent and Successful). It also helps to be w (Wealthy). A psychoanalytic hour (actually it is now usually 45 to 50 minutes) costs from \$20 to \$100, with the average at \$50, or \$12,000 a year for the five-times-a-week treatment recommended by Freud. As a concession to economic reality, most American psychoanalysts see patients only once or twice a week, and some have begun to stress even more limited short-term therapy to cut expenses further. One sign of the times: Freudian Judd Marmor, a former president of the American Psychiatric Association, now recommends treatment limited to 20 or 30 sessions, with analysts abandoning their passive role to confront patients more and speed recovery. Marmor points out that even Freud complained that some psychoanalyses seemed interminable and made the patient emotionally dependent on the analyst. "A Cadillac may be a very fine car to drive," he says, "but it would be uneconomical to say we're dedicated to buying Cadillacs for every person in our society."

Shervett Frazier, a Harvard Medical School professor and psychiatrist in chief at McLean Hospital in Belmont, Mass., reports that no patients are psychoanalyzed at his hospital. Fra-



Werner Erhard, star of stage and screen, at a meeting of est graduates
Abandoning the market to Pop therapies and pseudo therapies.

Behavior



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"The Electra complex is always a toughie, and on top of that, you were born under Aquarius. Let's see what the 'I Ching' says."

valuable services for the mentally troubled; but none of them must endure four years of medical school or long residency in psychiatric wards.

In fact, during the 1960s and early '70s, many psychiatrists put some distance between themselves and organized medicine, identifying more with psychologists, sociologists and other social scientists than with their fellow doctors. Indeed psychiatry seemed almost ashamed of its medical origins, preferring to see itself as a softer, almost humanistic discipline. Along with this greening of psychiatry, the myth developed that it might be able to cure such serious social illnesses as drug abuse, delinquency and crime. Many psychiatrists even wondered why specialists of the human mind had to go to medical school at all. But all that has changed; now the catch phrase is, "Getting back to our roots in medicine."

At least one reason for such a move is an effort by psychiatry to retrieve its cloak of medical respectability at a time when the public is confusing it with charlatan therapies. Psychiatrists also are becoming more hard-nosed. They are increasingly convinced that their profession may not have the answers to profound political and social problems, and should perhaps restrict itself to getting measurable results with the truly sick. One current refrain: psychiatrists should become good team players, assisting other medical specialists in fulfilling their obligations to the sick. Many hospitals now have psychiatrists available for consultation on every kind of problem faced by doctors and their patients. Says Psychiatrist Daniel Asimus of Pasadena, Calif.: "Now is the time for us to train psychiatrists to be medically oriented, helping more people, not by direct therapy most of the time, but by assisting, consulting and advising the other professions."

By donning the medical waistcoat again, psychiatry also hopes to shed what Asimus calls its "freaky" image. As he explains it, even doctors have traditionally regarded their psychiatric colleagues as "a strange breed of people" who picked the specialty to work out their own hang-ups as much as those of their patients. Public misconceptions about psychiatry are still worse, including the cartoonist's idea that almost all psychiatrists, rather than just traditional analysts, is done on a couch. For years psychiatrists have also been regarded as medicine's robber barons. In fact, as medical specialists go, they rank relatively low on the pay scale (average annual income: \$47,565, far behind surgeons, \$73,245, and only slightly above G.P.s, \$47,438).

More rankling still is the recent perception of male psychiatrists as sexual exploiters of their women patients. Though such behavior is clearly a violation of the Freudian ethic, which forbids any social contact between patient and doctor, to say nothing of the Hippocratic oath, there is clearly some fire be-

hind the smoke. In Florida alone, nine psychiatrists last year were charged with sexual misconduct during therapy, in a recent poll of 500 psychiatrists, a medical journal found that a surprising 19% said that they approved of doctor-patient sex under some circumstances. The intimate relationships in therapy obviously make both patient and doctor more sexually vulnerable than in other professional relationships, but such deplorable indiscretions are found in all branches of medicine.

If psychiatry is trying to change its slightly tarnished image, it is also changing its attitudes. One of its favorite projects of the 1960s was the community mental-health movement. That plan to bring psychiatric services to the deprived went hand in hand with a consensus among psychiatrists that state hospitals should be emptied of all but the most intractable and dangerous hard-core patients. The hospitals were jammed and poorly funded in most states. The idea was compelling: since psychiatric hospitals could presumably do little more than store patients, those who responded to the new antipsychotic medication could be released to their families and treated as outpatients. Under the Community Mental Health Center Act of 1963, 647 local centers have been set up to treat such "deinstitutionalized" patients, and also to bring low-cost care to the rest of the public, particularly the poor.

While the scheme had successful aspects, it also brought new problems. Says Robert Michels: "Thirty years ago, 75% of all psychiatric treatment was conducted in hospitals. Today, 75% takes place in an outpatient setting. That's progress." Still, psychiatric patients fill 40% of all hospital beds in the nation.



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"First the good news. You have a strong, healthy ego. Now the bad news. It has no basis in reality."

and the number of mental patients in nursing homes, prisons and single-room occupancy residences is up. Says Payne Whitney's John Talbot: "We've merely shifted the mentally ill population, not decreased it."

Instead of emptying out, state hospitals are just as crowded—but with a higher percentage of untreatable patients. Many of these hapless people, in addition to their mental problems, are poor, infirm or alone and without any basic social skills to survive in the outside world. The drive to empty the hospitals may have gone as far as it can go. The readmission rate is up from 25% in 1960 to more than 65% today, which may indicate that too many have been released. As many as half of those discharged are now living alone, without the family support that psychiatrists think is essential for them to function. Says Talbot: "These poor patients are disorganized. They can't handle the bureaucracy. They just can't cope."

Sadly, many of them are now reduced to roaming the streets, annoying and frightening the citizenry. Some communities, even such liberal ones as Manhattan's Upper West Side, which has been flooded by thousands of deinstitutionalized patients, are beginning to cry out in anger. Says Manhattan Councilman Antonio Olivieri, a liberal reformer: "The indiscriminate dumping of mental patients is creating new psychiatric ghettos in the cities. The policy is absurd." Psychiatrists are starting to share this concern. They fear that the increasing number of schizophrenics and other psychotics on the loose, particularly in the



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"It has been proven conclusively that as far as performance and sensation are concerned, the size of the sex organ is of absolutely no consequence. Nevertheless, if you show me yours, I'll show you mine."

cities, may yet develop into an explosive political issue.

The community mental-health centers have their own headaches. Funding is short, and the goal of low-cost care is proving illusory. According to various estimates, each patient visit costs between \$35 and \$40, more than in private practice, for treatment that is generally of lower quality. Says Alan Stone, professor of law and psychiatry at Harvard: "Taking care of people well cannot be done in a less expensive way than just warehousing them, which was what we were doing before."

Meanwhile, the level of care at the state hospitals is getting worse. As storage centers for the hopeless, the hospitals are easy targets for cost-cutting state legislatures. Also, fewer first-rate psychiatrists want to work where the possibility of cures is so remote. Foreign psychiatrists, some of them unlicensed, have flocked to these institutions. Many, to be sure, do extremely competent work. Spanish-speaking doctors, for example, have been able to provide better levels of care for Hispanic patients. Nonetheless, the overall quality of these foreign doctors has raised a clamor for legislation by Congress that would stop the influx of poorly trained aliens. If it passes, the state institutions may be left with fewer psychiatrists of any kind. That could be calamitous; for even with these foreign-trained doctors, officials estimate that the nation will be short 9,000 psychiatrists by 1980. Right now there are 3,200 unfilled jobs for psychiatrists at the state hospitals.

In a modern version of the 19th century reform movement that broke up the old bedlams, the state hospitals are now under attack from groups formed to defend the rights of mental patients, among them the California Parents of Adult Schizophrenics and the Advocates for the Adult Mentally Ill in Seattle. Such groups have filed class-action suits charging that the hospitals are little more than snake pits. Lawyer Robert Plotkin of the privately funded Mental Health Law Project in Washington, D.C., says that conditions in the hospitals are "universally shocking," with inadequately trained doctors prescribing drugs that they know about only through drug-company leaflets.

Like many others in the reform movement, Plotkin thinks patients should not be medicated, restrained or even touched without their consent—unless the courts appoint a guardian to protect the patient from his doctor. Psychiatrists do not look with favor upon a Miranda-type situation that would involve reading deranged patients their rights before throwing them into a straitjacket. Warns Harvard Psychiatrist Alvin Poussaint: "If a patient refuses medication and is violent and tearing up the place, you may be subject to a lawsuit if you medicate him properly, or even if you restrain him by putting him in a room alone. What do you do?" More optimistically, other psychiatrists think the gains won by the patients' rights movement will force the states to pump badly needed money into their mental

hospitals. Says Miles Shore, superintendent of Boston's Massachusetts Mental Health Center: "The standard of care enforced by the courts is one of the few defenses we have against Proposition 13."

The most common complaint of psychiatry is that it is expected to do more and more with less and less. According to various estimates there are 4 million Americans who are afflicted by serious mental illness, and many of them are getting no treatment at all. Indeed psychiatrists have every reason to sound depressingly plaintive. "We need more money, and we're simply not getting it," says Talbott. "Every other disease—cancer, kidney disease, hypertension—has a constituency. But the chronically mentally ill have no constituency. Everybody would just like them to disappear, their families, the press, even the medical profession."

Confronted by such overwhelming burdens, psychiatrists often dream of an easy way out: the miracle cure, a cheap drug or chemical for every mental illness that ever plagued man. So far there has been no clear breakthrough, although the prospects are improving. Doctors are finding great success in the use of lithium for control, if not cure, of manic-depression, the classic disorder of wild mood swings from mind-racing euphoria to deep despair.

Still, drug therapy has been essentially a holding action to stabilize the troubled. Tranquilizers such as Valium and Librium are good at reducing anxiety and tension, but they may interfere with thinking and can become habit-forming. The antidepressants, called tricyclics, are increasingly effective, but also can have adverse side effects. The stronger antipsychotic drugs like Thorazine are useful for handling schizophrenics, whose behavior is characterized by hallucinations and severely disordered thinking, as well as other forms of severe mental disorder. But while these chemicals produce a rapid return to normal, or at least socially acceptable behavior, in some patients, they also act as chemical restraints: they calm the schizophrenic but often turn him into little more than a zombie in the process. As Psychologist Steven Matthysse of the Mailman Research Center explains, while agitation and disordered thought diminish in the drugged patient, the drugs do very little to move the patient toward recovery or to help him relate to other people. Says Matthysse: "It's a sad thing, but a schizophrenic on drugs is very rarely motivated to do anything really consequential."

Though available drugs are still crude, pioneer work in brain research may lead to some astonishing new ones. A crucial discovery came when researchers located what are known as the brain's opiate receptors. These are the specific sites in the brain and spinal cord where such drugs as opium and morphine act. These and other recent discoveries open up the possibility of aim-



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"After all these years, you still feel guilt? You should be ashamed of yourself."

Behavior



McLean Hospital's Shervett Frazier

ing artificial drugs at specific receptors, and perhaps duplicating the body's natural internal "drugs" that help keep normal people normal. Says Solomon Snyder, a psychiatrist and pharmacologist at Johns Hopkins University: "As a result of psychopharmacology, psychiatry has come from behind the other medical sciences to a position of leadership. We've got a whole new psychiatry."

Much of this new psychiatry centers on schizophrenia, the most disabling and puzzling of mental illnesses. There are dozens of contending theories to explain it. The leading behavioral one derives from Anthropologist Gregory Bateson's concept of the double bind, which holds that schizophrenia arises from a prolonged dose of conflicting instructions, as, say, when a mother tells a child not to eat sweets, yet is constantly rewarding it with candy. But studies of identical twins and adopted children by Biochemist Seymour Kety strongly suggest a genetic base for schizophrenia. According to Kety, the flaw, contained in the cells' DNA, the master genetic molecules, may possibly be transmitted by viruses. In any case, the new pharmacological researchers no longer regard schizophrenia as a single ailment but, like cancer, as a collection of different malfunctions. In schizophrenia, the common denominator is the brain, and many scientists are convinced that a neurotransmitter, or chemical brain-signal carrier, called dopamine is the prime culprit.

Researchers know that excessive doses of mood-elevating amphetamines, which greatly increase the amount of dopamine in the brain, can bring on psychotic symptoms identical to those of schizophrenia. Recent studies also have indicated that schizophrenics have 50% more dopamine in their brains than non-schizophrenics, and twice the number of dopamine receptors, the sites where the chemical locks into the central nervous system. One line of thinking is that some people are born with high dopamine levels, but that somehow an "environmental trigger," perhaps some life crisis, sets the stage for schizophrenia. But a growing opinion is that the sickness is entirely chemical. Says Matthysse: "I'd be surprised if family environment made the slightest difference."

The new breed of psychiatric researchers are also beginning to suspect the same thing about depression, the most common of mental complaints. Simple depression or temporary gloom, to be sure, may be a normal response to some unhappy experience in everyday life. But the enduring pathological kind of depression may well be entirely neurochemical. Says Wyeth Labs Psychopharmacologist Larry Stein: "The normal brain is damned adaptive. It may undergo a short-term depression when things are going bad, but it bounces back when things go well again." The serious depressive, on the other hand, he says, may be "suffering from the biology of his good-feeling machinery."

For those who fear that the new researchers are out to reduce all human emotions and problems to chemistry's atoms and molecules, Dr. Frederick K. Goodwin, chief of clinical psychobiology at the National Institute of Mental Health, has a tranquilizing message: "There is a chemistry of the human brain, but it acts in response to the environment." Goodwin also points out gently that brain research has not yet produced any new treatments for mental disease. In fact, the only early result expected from the research is agreement of existing antipsychotic and antidepressant drugs to eliminate side effects. Ross Bal-

dessarini, a psychiatrist and biochemist at the Mailman Research Center, warns that chemical cures can easily be oversold, like psychoanalysis and community psychiatry. Says he: "We are not going to find the causes and cures of mental illness in the foreseeable future."

Nevertheless, the research has been impressive enough to start a rush in the direction of psychopharmacology. People with titles like biochemist, psychobiologist, neurophysiologist and psychopharmacologist are attracting scarce federal funds and replacing traditional psychiatrists as chairmen of hospital psychiatry departments. The field offers what psychiatry seems to have been yearning for all through the 1970s: scientific expertise, medical underpinnings and an escape from the troublesome subjectivity of the human mind.

"We will learn to think of ourselves, our personalities, as an orchestra of chemical voices in our heads," predicts Arnold Mandell, professor of psychiatry at the University of California at San Diego. "Psychiatry will become the most scientifically precise of medical specialties, relying not at all on subjective judgment." Jack Barchas, professor of psychopharmacology at Stanford, thinks the current exploits of his field are on a par with Einstein's revolutionary formulation $E=mc^2$. Says he: "The discovery of the neuroregulators may prove as important to humanity as that equation. We are on the edge of a new era." Also a Brave New World of mind-controlling drugs. Before long, according to some researchers, it will be possible to inject or extract chemicals to get almost any desired behavior, good or ill.

Undoubtedly, these rapidly opening biochemical avenues will place awesome powers in the hands of psychiatrists. The prospective drugs of the future could, of course, be used to create a Huxleyan nightmare. But, in capable hands and under public scrutiny, they need not. At the very least, the drugs may give psychiatry the bold new tools that will enable it to shake off its own current depression and fulfill the high hopes that Freud and his followers correctly held out for it.



Judd Marmor, ex-president of the American Psychiatric Association

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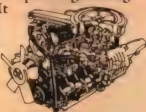
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Seriocomics

Donald Duck, meet Karl Marx

Attention, truthseekers. Now, in only minutes a day, you can dip into Einstein, Freud, Marx and other intellectual giants without all that painful reading. The secret: E-Z Read comic books that make you laugh while you learn.

Such an ad might be penned to describe a collection of "documentary comic books," the first of which went on sale this week in U.S. college and trade bookstores. Already selling briskly in Europe and Latin America, the cheeky serio-comics treat great thinkers with snappy drawings and humorous cartoon panels, presumably to appeal to the TV generation and others intimidated by reading the originals. "We're combining the popular Donald Duck form with serious intellectual thought," argues Pantheon Books' Tom Engelhardt, U.S. ed-

JUST AS EVERYONE WAS SETTLING DOWN HAPPILY WITH CAPITALISM (AND LIKE HEGEL) THINKING THAT SOCIETY HAD FINALLY TAKEN THE RIGHT ROAD, ALONG COMES MARX AND SPOILS THE PARTY...

'Ere! Who the 'ell invited yon hippie??



itor of the series' first title, the 158-page *Marx for Beginners* (\$2.95).

On the evidence of the Marx comic book, which has been translated into seven languages and has sold 150,000 copies worldwide, the Donald Duck part of the effort is a success. Produced by award-winning Mexican Political Cartoonist Eduardo del Rio under the pseudonym Riis, the book relies on a barnyard of impish figures to add humor to the story of "Charlie" Marx ("Wasn't he one of the Marx Brothers?") one character asks early on). The book dances quickly through a field as woolly as the history of philosophy prior to Marx. For example, France's René Descartes "introduces us to a mechanistic concept of the world," observes a whimsical bird in one cartoon panel, adding: "Later, we'll see what this is and whether it's edible." In a playful, hand-lettered preface, del Rio says that a

"reason for trying to take on Charlie was my wish to understand him—an ambition which I haven't satisfied." He repeats that note of puzzlement throughout the book, drawing in a variety of marginal characters who scratch their heads at the ideas and jargon of philosophers like Hegel and Kant.

Though the fare is heavy and perceptive compared with conventional comics, the cartoon paneling cannot, of course, do justice to the complexity of Marxist thought. Del Rio's treatment of the theory of surplus value is little more than a shouting match between a cartoon worker who wants more wages and a Daddy Warbucks entrepreneur who seeks investment return. Worse, del Rio occasionally slips into heated leftist polemic and embarrassing overpraise of his hero. At one point, he credits Marx singlehanded with



now making possible "what was impossible for 20 centuries: freedom from the exploitation of man by man"—a claim inaccurate enough to bring a blush even to the cheeks of devoted Marxist scholars.

Marx for Beginners was first translated into English in 1976 by the Writers and Readers Publishing Cooperative, a small, left-wing London publishing venture. Intrigued by del Rio's idea, they have since embarked upon a whole series—including comic-format volumes on Lenin, Freud, Jung, Darwin, Mao, Trotsky, Rosa Luxemburg and even a subject title, *Nuclear Power for Beginners*. W.R.P.C. editors are delighted to be associated with "such a prestigious American publisher" as Pantheon. But whether their books, originally designed, the British publishers say, for "a committed socialist market," will catch on in the U.S., as college trof or liberal fad, is a \$2.95 question.

Chairman's Lib

The British draw the line

"Chairman" is fine, but "chairperson" isn't, according to one of the language's most respected arbiters, the Oxford University Press, whose new 770-page paperback dictionary states crisply: "The word chairman may be used of persons of either sex."

The dictionary, which serves as a guide to British, rather than American usage, was compiled by a woman, Joyce M. Hawkins, 50. Aware that "chairperson" and its kin (e.g., "spokesperson") are increasingly accepted in the U.S., she notes, "In this country, chairperson is treated with mild amusement." The huge *Oxford English Dictionary* first included "chairman" a century ago, and, as Hawkins points out, its original usage made no sexual distinction. Still, Hawkins' dictionary tolerates "chairwoman," which it defines as a "female chairman."

Reflecting the inconsistencies and quirks in usage, the Oxford paperback views "salesman" as exclusively masculine (with "saleswoman" its feminine counterpart). In this case, the dictionary also bows uncomplainingly to civil authority, defining without derision the term "salesperson," required by law in nondiscriminatory help-wanted advertising.

Pointedly excluded, or specifically frowned upon, are such Americanisms as "bottom line" and the use of "alibi" to mean any excuse, rather than its strict judicial meaning of being somewhere other than at the scene of a crime. But such immigrants as "commuter" and "lobby" as a verb have now been accepted into the Queen's English. Happily or not, the indelicate "hooker" has also crossed the Atlantic, although usually in Britain the term refers to rugby players.

The new dictionary does not approve of that favorite adverb of U.S. TV announcers, "momentarily," when used to mean "in a moment"; the only accepted definition is "for a moment." As a second meaning, "hopefully" used for "perhaps" or "possibly" is included, but with a warning that many people regard it as unacceptable. A reader who glumly discovers that "uninterested" is given as a second meaning for "disinterested" perks up when Hawkins complains that such a definition "obscures a useful distinction between disinterested (unbiased) and uninterested (not interested)." There will always be an England. Meanwhile a team of editors is getting ready to "Americanize" the new paperback, before issuing it here. It is to be hoped that the American editors will agree with Hawkins that the term "media" is a plural; even in America, it remains incorrect to say that the media is doing anything.

Medicine

Pregnancy Kits

A do-it-yourself test

Ancient Egyptian women urinated on the leaves of the papyrus plant. If the plant died, everything was as usual. If it survived, they were pregnant. Such self-diagnosis among would-be mothers (or those who would prefer not to be) is still coveted today. Despite some frowns from the medical establishment, a growing number of women are using commercial kits, sold over the counter in pharmacies, which are designed to allay their fears—or confirm their wishes—about pregnancy. Says one proponent of the do-it-yourself trend: "It gives me the opportunity to find out whether I am pregnant in the privacy of my home, to get accustomed to the idea of being pregnant long before I need to go through a gross examination in a doctor's office."

Widely advertised in women's magazines and even on television, the inexpensive kits (typical prices: \$7 to \$10) have been on the national market for about a year. First developed in Europe, they depend on a simple application of immunology: the interaction between the hormone HCG (for human chorionic gonadotropin), which is produced as soon as a fertilized egg imbeds itself in the wall of the womb, and the specific antibody formed—in rabbits—against it. If a reaction occurs between the urine and the kit's chemicals, the hormone is present—and so most likely is a baby-to-be.

Using highly sensitive radioactive

tracing techniques, laboratory workers can spot HCG with almost 100% accuracy. The home kits use a somewhat less sophisticated procedure. Typically, they contain a test tube with the HCG antibody, sterile water, a stand and a dropper. If the woman adds a few drops of her first morning urine to this test-tube brew, then lets it sit for about two hours, a doughnut shape or ring should form on

warning systems save women money and, if they are unmarried, possible embarrassment. They also appeal to feminists, who feel women should rely on themselves and whenever possible avoid the male-dominated gynecological establishment. Indeed, the kits even have the blessings of many doctors, provided they are properly used. Unfortunately, that is not always the case. Despite its simplicity and relatively high potential accuracy, the home test has shortcomings.

In trials performed by one pharmaceutical company, patients at Manhattan's Eastern Women's Center had trouble following the printed instructions. One potential problem for kit users: some women tend to rush into the tests, failing to wait at least nine days after a missed period, as the instructions direct. Thus they get negative results even when they are pregnant.

A more serious objection: if a woman thinks that she is not pregnant when, in fact, she is, she may delay going to a physician. Such procrastination can be particularly dangerous in tubal pregnancies, which require early medical attention because the fallopian tube can rupture and possibly cause death.

Critics conjure up still other grim possibilities. What if a pregnancy is not detected and the woman continues to take drugs that could damage the fetus? Such a tragedy might not be discovered until long after she can have a safe abortion. Obviously worried about the legal consequences of such situations, the manufacturers provide warnings in the kits that they are not 100% accurate. ■



Trying to perform a self-diagnosis at home
Frowns from doctors, smiles from feminists.

the bottom of the glass if she is pregnant. Warner Chilcott, producer of one popular line of the kits, claims that its product, on first test, is 97% accurate if the results are positive and 80% accurate if the results are negative.

Often cheaper than lab tests offered through gynecologists, these simple early

Milestones

BORN. To Olga Korbut, 23, pixieish Soviet gymnast who won three gold medals at the 1972 Munich Olympic Games and now works for the Byelorussian State Sports Committee, and Leonid Bortkevich, 28, lead vocalist of Peshnyari, the Soviet Union's top folk-rock group; a son, their first child, in Minsk. Name: Richard

DIED. Max Hayward, 54, English scholar who translated Boris Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago*, and works by Solzhenitsyn and other Russian authors banned or banished in their own country, of cancer, in Oxford, England. A natural linguist, Hayward taught himself Russian as a teen-ager by plowing through an untranslated tome on gypsies. Before studying at Oxford in the '40s and returning there to teach in 1956, he spent two years in the British embassy in Moscow, where he developed a passionate concern for the literary culture

stricken by Stalin's purges. He eventually became, said a colleague, "the custodian of Russian literature in the West."

DIED. Al Hodge, 66, onetime actor best known as Captain Video, television's first kiddie hero; of lung disease, in Manhattan. Already a popular radio performer who had played the Green Hornet from 1936 to 1943, Hodge joined the DuMont network serial *Captain Video and his Video Rangers* in 1950 and for the next six years, rocketed around the 23rd century universe, battling a galaxy of such villains as Mook the Moon Man and Spartak of the Black Planet. His re-entry was rough, however. Indelibly typecast as the galactic commander—he was even addressed as "Captain" while testifying in Senate hearings on juvenile delinquency in the mid-'50s—Hodge was never able to get other roles. After *Video's* demise in 1956,

he worked as a real estate agent, a glove salesman and a security guard, among other jobs, finally winding up alone and broke in his memento-strewn hotel room.

DIED. Ida P. Rolf, 82, messianic inventor of "rolfing," a method of manipulating the body that, according to her followers, enhances physical and emotional well-being; of complications following surgery, in Bryn Mawr, Pa. Trained as a biochemist, she spent 40 years promoting her belief that everyone has "a relationship with gravity," which can be perfected by aligning "man's [energy] field with the field of the earth." A person is properly positioned, she taught, when his ear, shoulder, hip, knee and ankle are lined up vertically; that posture is achieved through a painful massage technique that is today administered by some 200 practitioners around the world.

Religion

Yes to Test-Tube Babies

HEW panel urges lifting of U.S. ban on IVF research

Louise Brown, history's first "test-tube baby," could not have been born in the U.S. Since August 1975 the Federal Government has banned new grants for research on in-vitro fertilization (IVF), and without the money experimentation has virtually ceased. The ban was ordered because of deep moral qualms about scientific tampering with human reproduction. Besides that, IVF involves the moral status of the human embryo, a matter linked to the religiously anguishing abortion debate.

Now the situation is about to change. The Ethics Advisory Board of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare has just given IVF a moral go-ahead.



Louise Brown at 7 months

An "irremovable possibility" of damage?

and urged HEW to lift the ban. While doing so, it nevertheless recommended research limitations that may influence future policy with regard to such matters as selective human breeding.

The board's decision was reached only after hearings in eleven cities, where testimony was taken on the moral issues from 197 witnesses—ordinary citizens as well as noted scientists and clergymen. The most negative expert, Protestant Moral Theologian Paul Ramsey, saw an "irremovable possibility" that physical or psychological damage might be inflicted on IVF children. A number of scientists, though not against IVF, felt that more research with nonhuman embryos was necessary. So far only a handful of IVF studies has been done with higher primates.

Partly with such objections in mind, the board recommended that as in-vitro research proceeds, the public must be informed of any evidence that IVF produc-

es a higher rate of abnormal children than natural reproduction. It also proposed three other significant safeguards:

- Research should only be funded if it seeks important information that is otherwise unobtainable, and is primarily aimed at making embryo transplants safer and more effective.

- Embryos that are actually implanted should stem only from the sperm and eggs of "lawfully married couples," a rule designed to head off such Huxleyian possibilities as surrogate wombs for hire.

- Research should be limited to human embryos in the first 14 days of development after fertilization, the time when implantation into the womb is completed in a normal pregnancy. For many Roman Catholics, and others, the embryo deserves respect as a new human life from the time of fertilization. Catholicism has also opposed IVF because of Pope Pius XII's arguments against all unnatural methods of conception.

Father Richard McCormick, a Georgetown University moral theologian and the only clergyman on the panel, broke with Catholic tradition on both points. The moral claims of the individual embryo, he believes, are open to doubt before implantation, and Pius' arguments are "no longer decisive." McCormick has strong reservations about the wisdom of public funding, however.

HEW Secretary Joseph Califano must act on the recommendations before they have the force of law. Bishop Thomas Kelly, general secretary of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, has urged Califano to continue the ban because there is already "public repugnance" over tax funding of abortions. Whatever Califano decides, Father McCormick predicts that his board's report is "going to be controversial, not only in the Catholic community but in every other one." ■

Chemical God

Of Lutherans and limits

Do you have to believe in God to be a Protestant minister? The answer, as in so many cases these days, is yes and no. Germany, in particular, has been a veritable font of Protestant doubt for decades. But last week, deciding it had to draw the line somewhere, West Germany's United Evangelical Lutheran Church, which includes half the nation's Protestants, unfrocked the Rev. Paul Schulz for heresy.

Schulz holds a doctor of theology degree from Erlangen University, and for

years was a Lutheran pastor at St. Jacobi Church in Hamburg. Since 1971 he has preached that the existence of a personal God is "a comforting invention of human beings." Schulz also wrote a book, *Is God a Mathematical Formula?*, and, in answer to the title question, he answered no but declared that God emanates somehow from "physical and chemical processes." Prayer? Mere "self-reflection." Life after death? Wishful thinking. Jesus? A normal man with good things to say who was later glorified into the Son of God by early Christians.

The church hardly rushed to judgment. After years of official "discussions" that proved fruitless, formal proceedings against him began in 1976. At the hearings, hardly a trial, Schulz played to a sometimes cheering gallery of theology students. By the seventh and final session this Jan. 23 Schulz was accusing his accusers: "You are upholding your old no-



Defrocked Pastor Paul Schulz

Is God a mathematical formula?

tions of God so you can uphold your own institutional power." No leading West German theologian championed his cause.

Reluctantly, the examining commission, led by Bishop Eduard Lohse, forbade Schulz to preach or administer the sacraments. He is expected to receive a \$12,000-a-year stipend if he shuns anti-church activities. The commission insisted that it still favors "a wide spectrum" of individual interpretation. Indeed, Schulz was only the third clergyman in this century to be acted against by German Protestants for doctrinal reasons. Schulz's notions are not new, or even rare. But churchmen who reach such views customarily leave the church or at least stop ministering to a congregation. Schulz's tragedy, noted the *Hannoversche Allgemeine Zeitung*, lay in his refusal "to recognize the contradiction between his teachings and exercising his office." ■

Kemmons Wilson, when did you start reading The Wall Street Journal?

"I started reading **The Journal** in 1952, the same year I built the first Holiday Inn," says Kemmons Wilson, Chairman of the Board of Holiday Inns, Inc., "because I guess that's when I started to think big."

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Then: Kemmons Wilson (center) with partner Wallace E. Johnson (left) check construction details on one of the original Holiday Inns, in Memphis, Tennessee.



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All the business news you need.
When you need it.

People



Henri Giscard d'Estaing in his butcher-shop campaign headquarters

Whether or not he wins election this week, as he is favored to do, the young (22), intelligent and self-assured candidate has the look of a winner and name to match. He is **Henri Giscard d'Estaing**, son of France's President **Valéry Giscard d'Estaing**, running for the council of the farming district of Marchenoir. Giscard *fil*s does not downplay his family connection or resemblance to the tall, coolly patrician Giscard *père*: "I have the virus of politics and I have had good coaching." Working out of a former butcher shop, he has shaken hands with at least one-third of the district's 6,000 people. A defeat of Communist and Socialist opponents who mock him as a *dauphin* would make him the youngest elected official in France.

Poor **Patty Hearst**. Kidnaped, tortured, terrorized, brainwashed, on the lam, captured, tried for bank robbery,

imprisoned until sprung by presidential commutation, and now this. Engaged to marry San Francisco Policeman **Bernard Shaw**, a former bodyguard, on April Fools' Day, Hearst had selected a \$1,000 gown by New York Designer **Frank Masandrea**. But last week Patty and parents abruptly chose another. It turned out that exclusive rights to posing Patty in the gown and covering the ceremony had been sold to *Look* magazine. Alas, *United Press International*, pitting ingenuity against pocketbook journalism, discovered and printed sketches of the bride's finery.

Peace doves and the accolades they generate are right down the presidential flyway these days, but whooping cranes are birds of a different feather. Else why did **Jimmy Carter** look so dubious last week when presented with a miniature replica of that endangered species by the Na-



Carter, Wildlife Federation President Fred Scroggin and crane

tional Wildlife Federation as "Conservationist of the Year"? Whatever he felt about the whooper, Carter appreciated the award, which recognized his support for environmental protection and recreation. The President boasted of his prowess as "hunter, fisherman, canoeist, hiker, camper and lately cross-country skier."

yogurt, Burnett is a yogist, and Bacall goes through a daily dozen of what she calls "lying down" exercises. The only lump is Jackson "I OD on coffee and cigarettes every morning," she confesses. "That's all the exercise I need."

Call it a bran-new genre of film making or the wheat germ of an idea by innovative Director **Robert Altman**. Filming in St. Petersburg Beach, Fla., is Altman's power struggle at a leadership power struggle at a national health-food promotion convention between a vigorous virgin of 83 and a younger opponent. **Lauren Bacall**, of all sexes, is the maiden, and **Glenda Jackson** her antagonist. **Carol Burnett** gets involved as a White House aide dispatched to the convention mainly to get her out of Washington. On the set, there is no concern about life enervating art. Altman stores up energy by gobbling

"If I get a group of diehard Baptists all pushing 60 who go to church every Sunday," sighed the man in the wheelchair. "I'm in trouble." Whatever the jury's demographics, **Hustler** Publisher **Larry Flynt** was in trouble. In Atlanta he went on trial on eleven obscenity charges that could each net a \$5,000 fine and a year in jail. Flynt, already appealing an obscenity conviction in Cincinnati, was surrounded by 20 guards as a result of the mysterious ambush last year during another trial in Lawrenceville, Ga., that left him paralyzed in both legs. "This is not the kind of justice I'm entitled to," said he, "railroaded in Cincinnati and gunned down in Lawrenceville."



Picture of Health: Altman, Burnett, Bacall and Jackson between takes

Music

On a Wing and a Scissors

The Boston Symphony winds up its triumphal tour of China

When Conductor Seiji Ozawa arrived at the Peking Conservatory last week, he might as well have been John Travolta. His car was rocked back and forth by a clamoring crowd, and he was propelled into the building by the momentum of his admirers. If the Boston Symphony Orchestra's eight-day tour of China began triumphantly in Shanghai, it ended with the conquest of Peking.

There were three concerts, all televised nationally. At the first, there was a row of armchairs with snowy antimacassars and little tables set for tea. The occupants turned out to be top members of the Chinese Establishment: Vice Premier Deng Xiaoping (Teng Hsiao-ping), Foreign Minister Huang Hua, Vice Premier Fang Yi and Mme. Sun Yat-sen, who is in her late 80s. During the intermission, Deng held a reception at which he said in effect that he did not know much about music but he knew what he liked: anything that promoted friendship. After the concert, he led his tea party to the stage and shook hands with orchestra members.

Ozawa showed considerable craft in selecting his programs. The Chinese love the violin, so there were two concertos, the Mozart Fifth in A Major and the Mendelssohn Concertmaster Joseph Silverstein was the delicate, meticulous soloist in both. The Boston also used two Chinese virtuosos. Liu Dehai played a concerto for a lute-like instrument called the pipa. In the solos he all but turned into Orpheus.

The other was Pianist Liu Shikun,

who performed the Liszt Concerto No. 1 in E-flat. The two Lius were startlingly different in temperament. The pipa player is a genial fellow who entertained the Boston members backstage with Home on the Range ("I learned it for Kissinger's sixth visit"). The pianist, who spent most of the Gang of Four reign in jail, is a man of seething intensity. He came onstage with shaking hands, and shot through the Liszt with authority but blinding speed. At rehearsal, Ozawa had tried without success to slow Liu down. Finally, he said, "We shall try to support you." Just barely, the orchestra succeeded. The pianist defended his interpretation. Said he: "Liszt used technique to express himself, so I use it to immortalize him."

Most Boston players did not admire the performance. It brought into focus their criticism of Chinese musicianship: the inability to sustain rhythm and tempo over a long stretch. "You must maintain control of the excitement and beauty are to come out of the music itself," says Violinist Marylou Speaker, whose gift to the Peking Central Philharmonic was a metronome. "You sometimes hear amateur groups rushing the pace at home. The tendency is to tense up in a tough passage. When things got hard, Liu took off and was out of context with the music." Ozawa dealt with the same problem in working with the Peking Philharmonic. "Chi-



The Maestro leads the Peking Philharmonic
The sound that fosters friendship

nese musicians are sensitive and brilliant," he says. "But the steadiness of rhythm, the kind of repetition and restatement of theme that makes Western music exciting, is difficult for them. They keep going faster and do not hold the ends of phrases long enough." He adds, "It may have some relation to their language: there are characters instead of running sentences."

It is a problem that will be solved only when musicians can hear more Western ensembles and study with teachers trained in a different idiom. For now, China's artistic world is celebrating the fall of the Gang of Four. Pipa Player Liu has a lively repertoire again; during the cultural crackdown, he played in the Peking Philharmonic, which could perform exactly nine works.

Nowhere is the new freedom more appreciated than in ballet. A whole generation of dancers was lost as schools were closed. Mao's wife Jiang Qing (Chiang Ch'ing) decided that she just did not like two steps basic to the dance vocabulary, the *entrechat* and the *pas de basque*. So she had them excised, which was akin to taking the verb out of sentences. Now the ballet classes are filled again, and a classical ballet performance is the hottest ticket in China.

All is not completely open in the new China. Working on the joint concert, members of the Boston and Peking or-



Deng greets Ozawa and the orchestra onstage after the opening concert in Peking
Shows antimacassars and little tables set for tea

chestras got to know each other. Violinist Speaker had become friendly with her opposite number, and at a banquet the women began exchanging stories about their domestic lives and families. Then a man came up to the table and touched the Chinese player on the shoulder. It was a gentle warning, and she fell silent.

The joint concert was held in the 18,000-seat Capital Stadium. Ozawa was in ebullient humor and under no illusions about producing musical ecstasy in such a setting. Said he: "It's like swimming in the ocean after you have been swimming at the Y." The audience was in a jolly, responsive mood. Cellist Martin Hoherman brought down the house during an encore by playing a few phrases on the banhu, a Chinese instrument with two parallel strings, played by bowing between them. Hoherman was glad when his chore was over: "That technique is like drilling. A dentist should do it."

The last number was *The Stars and Stripes Forever*, and that seemed just fine with the Chinese. Then Ozawa circled the oval floor along with his mother and an ever growing parade of musicians. Next morning almost the whole Peking Philharmonic showed up at the airport to say goodbye with gifts and mementos. Several private farewells ended in tears. Ozawa led his troops onto the 747. The final glimpse of the Americans must have made the Peking players smile. Pan Am printed the name CHINA CLIPPER on the sides in Chinese characters but, language misunderstandings being what they are, the sign read CHINA SCISSORS.

—Martha Duffy



Soprano Rita Shane as the mad heroine of Argento's *Miss Havisham's Fire*

The Immolation of an Opera

Dominick Argento's new work has more trills than excitement

Near the end of her 20-min. mad scene, Miss Havisham cries out, "I am tired!" There is a derisive titter from the audience. They have sympathy for Soprano Rita Shane, who plays Miss Havisham. She has flung her voice valiantly through trills, runs, arpeggios, and sung paragraph upon paragraph of words that dwarf the great mad scene in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. But the audience is tired too, because this kind of listening, when most of the words are unintelligible, is also hard work.

Miss Havisham's Fire is the ninth opera by the American composer Dominick Argento, 51, who has at least two major successes, *Postcard from Morocco* and *The Voyage of Edgar Allan Poe*, to his credit. The new work, which had its premiere last week at the New York City Opera, is in almost every way a disappointment. Argento and his librettist, John Olson-Scrymgeour, say that their work is "after Dickens," not to be compared closely to *Great Expectations*.

The focus has been shifted from young Pip to the vindictive harridan who teaches him his first lesson in cruelty and deceit. In *Miss Havisham's Fire* we see her on her calamitous wedding day, deserted by her bridegroom. (The young Miss Havisham is sung by Gianna Rolandi, who has a generous mad scene of her own.) There is a brush-stroke plot involving an inquest into Miss Havisham's death, but the opera is really a star vehicle for a coloratura. Argento had Beverly Sills in mind when he began work two years ago. She agreed to do the role, but withdrew last fall. To what degree the challenge of writing for Sills may have deflected Argento's usually stable dramatic sense cannot be known, but he has produced a harsh onslaught of ornamental coloratura writing without sufficient melody or legato line to sustain it.

And what of Dickens? It is fine to be "after Dickens," but in this case the distance is embarrassing. *Great Expectations* would seem to offer rich and practical material for an opera. Pip's progress through the world is eventful, and he does not meet a single dull soul on his road to self-knowledge. Yet the novel is not so diffuse that it could not be contained in a manageable number of scenes.

If surrounded by Pip, the haughty Estella, the lawyer Jaggers, the convict Magwitch, Miss Havisham could be the kind of flamboyant character, drawn with simple, sharp lines, on which operas thrive. Mozart used a similar virago, the Queen of the Night, in *The Magic Flute*. But Pip, Estella and Jaggers (Magwitch is left out entirely) appear and disappear, little more than shadows crossing Miss Havisham's feverish brain.

Argento, who won a 1975 Pulitzer Prize, has not totally lost his musical sense. There are several ensembles—brief trios and quartets, a long quintet—that have attenuated fascination in this dream world. The orchestration is sparse, but it underscores the decay and the stopped time that Miss Havisham inhabited after she smashed her clocks on what was to be her wedding day.

City Opera has done well by Argento. Set Designer John Conklin's haunted house is properly spooky, and the opera's shifts in time and mood are made decisive by Gilbert Hemley's lighting. Conductor Julius Rudel kept things going so smoothly one almost forgot that this was a world premiere, the first time for everyone. For Rita Shane there can be only praise. Her acting was fiery, her singing confident, if uneven. It is hard to think of anyone, including Sills, who could have truly commanded the part. *Miss Havisham's Fire* burns a long time, but finally ends in ashes.

—M.D.



Leading the band back home

A swim in the ocean and the Y.

Art



From a living witness, an unmediated freshness: Grandma Moses' *Checked House*, 1943

The Old Lady of Eagle Bridge

At Washington's National Gallery, a primitive revisited

Primitives are the kittens of art; they stand for a kind of sweet, prelapsarian innocence that culture, which means complexity, tends to deny. Even so, Grandma Moses' popularity was unusual, and the show of 43 of her paintings at the National Gallery in Washington scarcely invites criticism. She was one of those infrequent artists whom everyone likes, and most people love.

The major primitives of modern art, Henri Rousseau (1844-1910) and Alfred Wallis (1855-1942), never experienced such affection and fame in their own lifetimes—which, admittedly, were shorter than that of Anna Mary Robertson Moses, who died in Eagle Bridge, N.Y., in 1961 at the age of 101. By then, she had received two honorary doctorates, and a 6¢ stamp had been issued to commemorate her. Edward R. Murrow had put her on television. New York State had twice declared Grandma Moses Day; her work had been exhibited round the world and interminably reproduced on greeting cards. Next to Norman Rockwell, she was the best-known American artist.

She was also shrewd. "I don't advise anyone to take it up as a business proposition," she wrote of her chosen métier, "unless they really have talent, and are crippled so as

to deprive them of physical labor. Then with help they might make a living. But with taxes and income tax, there is little money in that kind of art for the ordinary artist." Since then, thousands of painters

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Natural pitch and honorary degrees: *White Christmas*, 1954

have ignored Grandma Moses' advice, but not one has achieved her pitch of personal celebrity.

By the 1950s she was rather like Omai, the noble savage whom Captain Cook brought back from Tahiti to the court of George III. America loved Grandma Moses as the representative of natural virtue—the ambassadress of a past that was already being sentimentalized on an industrial scale. Her America of checkered farmhouses, old oaken buckets, barn-raising parties, whirring buggy wheels, and quilting bees was not the America of the Korean War, the TV-quizz scandals, the McCarthy terror and the Detroit assembly lines. But it had been a real place, and Grandma Moses not only knew it well—she had lived all her life on farms—but knew it in clear and sparkling detail. She was thus the living witness to other Americans' fantasies, a creature both homely and exotic: the Earth Grandmother of Eagle Bridge.

Since most people instinctively feel that the world gets worse, not better, the only basis of genuinely popular art is nostalgia. Grandma Moses supplied it—not out of any desire to create a product, but simply in order to maintain her own memories. "I like to paint old-time things, historical landmarks of long ago, bridges, mills and hostleries, those old-time homes, there are a few left, and they are going fast. I do them all from memory, most of them are daydreams, as it were."

How good a painter was she? By the standards of a Matisse, not very; beside most "primitive" Western artists, however, she was a spry old wonder. Most primitive art today is a mimicry of that unmediated, clumsy freshness of vision that once re-created itself, beyond style, in each true naïf. But in a world saturated by print and photography, it is difficult to be a naïf, art is too available. Grandma Moses was not untouched by commerce, but nobody could doubt the integrity of her work or the delicacy of her imagination. She was a graceful colorist, seldom candied or sentimental, and never coarse. In those blue-gray distances of field and forest, punctuated by the silhouette of a horse (the creature's profile cut like a weather vane, as though by shears) or the bright red caesura of a barn, one sees the equivalent of perfect natural pitch in singers: an instinctive truth of tone, the mark of a born painter. At her best, she makes nearly every American "primitive" who has appeared since her death look postcardy; her own nostalgia, however tempered by cuteness now and then, has not lost its ability to work on us.

—Robert Hughes

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Books

European refugees from World War I battles cross the horizon in a haunting scene from *The Big Parade*, 1925

A Record of Fleeting Realities

THE WAR, THE WEST AND THE WILDERNESS
by Kevin Brownlow; Knopf; 602 pages; \$27.50

The beginning of the movies coincided with the ending of three historical moments: years of peace in Europe, the frontier era in the American West, and the time when explorers tried to fill in the blank spaces on the globe. As one heroic age ended, a new one began, with new kinds of heroes: men and women who wondered what might be done with new-fangled motion-picture equipment to record the fleeting reality of their time.

Except for a few, like Robert Flaherty, and the team of Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack who went on to make *King Kong*, most of these film makers toiled in anonymity, under unimaginably arduous conditions, to bring back pictures for which they were ill paid, and which posterity has treated with cavalier indifference. A priceless visual record of our immediate past has been lost, cut up or allowed to disintegrate in ill-ventured vaults. Similarly, the stories of the people who made these films have gone untended by film librarians. Until now.

In *The War, the West and the Wilderness*, Kevin Brownlow, a British film

historian, sets out on a unique rescue mission, interviewing survivors, rescuing stills from such bygone epics as *Squaw Man* and *The Big Parade*, trekking through early archives. The stories he brings back are the stuff of legend. They could, as well, be the stuff of marvelous adventure movies, if the entertainment industry were not currently catering to adolescent disco fantasies.

Typical of the soldiers of fortune who drifted to movie work was Phil Tannura, a Signal Corps cameraman whose journey to 1919 Russia recorded the maltreatment of Bolshevik captives. "We came to a prison in Omsk," he recalls. "They brought thirteen [prisoners] out and I noticed some soldiers on the side with guns. I asked what the soldiers were for. 'Well,' they said, 'you wanted to shoot them.'"

"No," I said, "we just want to shoot some pictures of them. You can kill 'em tomorrow. But I don't want any prisoners shot for the camera."

A lawman named William Tilghman had once worked with Bat Masterson in Dodge City. By 1915 he was directing

westerns, which in those days often starred such authentic outlaws as Al Jennings and Emmett Dalton, last of the legendary family gang. Tilghman was on location in Chandler, Okla., when word came that a wild bunch headed by Henry Starr (Belle's nephew) had robbed a bank in Stroud, 17 miles away. The director dropped his camera, grabbed his gun and rode off in pursuit of the miscreants, capturing one "Alibi Joe" Davis before resuming work on his picture. The incident was typical of the way reality and legends based on that reality were mixed up in the paleolithic era of film making.

Indeed, Brownlow persuasively argues that the documentary film can be a contradiction in terms. In evidence, he quotes Flaherty: "One often has to distort a thing to catch its true value." Eskimo culture, for example, had already been altered by civilization when Flaherty made *Nanook of the North*. To capture the hunt as it had once been, the director transported Nanook by boat to a polar island he could not normally have reached. There the men waited three days for heavy seas to recede before the sequence could be staged. Cooper and Schoedsack rented an elephant herd from



C.B. DeMille (left) with the cowboys and Indians in *The Squaw Man*, 1913



Ponting's icy view of the Terra Nova, 1910

The stuff of marvelous adventure movies, if the entertainment industry were not currently catering to adolescent disco fantasies.

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Books

the King of Siam, then turned the beasts loose for the climax of *Chang For Grass*, a monumental record of Kurdish tribesmen's annual search for pasture, the team went before the nomads in order to get the right angles for their scenes. One night, clad only in summer clothes, they reached a mountaintop ahead of their subjects, and were trapped by nightfall. They dug into a snowbank and ate uncooked barley from the feed bags of their donkeys. "We said, 'We'll probably die up here,'" Cooper tells Brownlow, "but let's make the goddam picture."

The same spirit moved people engaged in re-creations of historic events, like *The Covered Wagon* and *The Iron Horse*. They permitted sharpshooters to aim perilously close so that splinters would fly authentically in gunfights, and they suffered blizzards, sandstorms and dangerous river crossings in the days before the intercession of stunt men and special effects. The efforts were so successful that today fictive footage often turns up as authentic record in historical compilations.

The people who made these films often found in the work a pioneer's satisfactions—especially when they contrasted it to life back in the studio. As William S. Hart said about life on location: "I was surrounded by no greedy grafters, no gelatin-spined, flatulent, slimy creatures

—just dogs, horses, sheep—and white men and red men accustomed to live among such things. If we wanted a snake, we could go out in the hills and catch one—one that would warn us that he was a snake, with his rattles... I was happy."

If one image can summarize the age that Brownlow celebrates, it is that of Herbert Ponting, recorder of Captain Robert Scott's expedition to the South Pole in 1910. To record Scott's ship, the *Terra Nova*, slicing its way through polar ice, Ponting ordered a camera platform rigged to hang out ten feet from the starboard side of the ship. There, spread-eagled, unable to protect himself since his camera required both hands to operate, this mild-mannered banker's son conquered fear and seasickness to bring back an unforgettable image of heroic folly.

Ponting and his colleagues have at last found a historian worthy of their tenacity and art. As he did for *The Parade's Gone By*, his great history of silent film making in the Hollywood studios, Brownlow has unearthed photographs—more than 350 of them—as poignant and evocative (and as previously unknown) as the reminiscences he has collected. They are displayed in an opulent, beautifully designed book that opens new historical regions as surely as its subjects, in their time, opened new photographic territory. **Richard Schickel**

April Fools

THE PARDONER'S TALE

by John Wain

Viking, 314 pages; \$10.95

The Pardon of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* is that ecclesiastic scam who sells indulgences and moonlights pig bones and rags as holy relics. Giles Hermitage, 50, the self-revealing hero of John Wain's new novel, also traffics in illusions. He is a writer whose books, like those of Wain himself, "were civilized and responsible, neither condescending to nor affronting the reader, and commanded a small but not fickle public."

One fan is Helen Chichester-Redfern, a terminal cancer patient who lives in the same English cathedral town as Hermitage. A deathbed friendship is struck, along with a sizzling affair with Mrs. C-R's daughter Dinah, a churchgoing guitarist and bedroom athlete with the sexual etiquette of a praying mantis.

Dinah, a woman of parts, manages with fearsome practicality. "I know my needs are going to drive me into relationships with men and I know those relationships won't always be controllable. But in the overall plan of my life I budget for that." As a novelist, Hermitage is



For full color reproduction of Wild Turkey painting by Ken Davies, 19" by 21", send \$2 to Box 929-T, Wall St. Sta., N.Y. 10005

intrigued by her economics of the heart. As a man, he is smitten with a case of middle-age rut. He settles into a daily routine: a soul-searching chat with the dying mother, a brisk workout in bed with the daughter, and then back to the writing table and the new Hermitage novel.

In it, a vacationing middle-aged businessman named Gus Howkins falls in love with Julia, a distressed young actress fleeing from her famous actor husband. There are more than emotional and thematic parallels between Giles and Dinah and Gus and Julia. Their stories literally leapfrog each other in alternating chapters throughout *The Pardoner's Tale*.

Fiction within fiction is an old form, predating Chaucer, Boccaccio and perhaps even Scheherazade, who provided the first law of storytelling: enchant or perish. Author Wain seems familiar with the rewards and risks of laminating two tales. Wain may not achieve the riddles of Vladimir Nabokov, modern master of the technique, but he moves from one story to the other without draining color from either. One reason is Giles' ability to regard himself as a character. His comments when both he and his fictional doppelgänger love and lose: "He had been able to contemplate the story of Gus Howkins... precisely because that story had been his companion through all the recent events in his life. It had gone along with him, step by step, providing an alternative existence that had strange-



John Wain

Sexual etiquette of a praying mantis.

ly held to the same contours as his actual one. It had been a life-saving overspill."

The notion of art as roof gutter is nicely suited to Wain's thoughtful treatment of two middle-aged men joyfully making fools of themselves over younger women in less knowing hands. *The Pardoner's Tale* might have been only a clever sex reversal on the stock English romance about a maiden schoolteacher's brief tryst in Italy. But instead of sentimentality, Wain offers genuine sentiments. Instead of passion enveloping quivering loins in petals of fire, there is a steady sensuous glow that warms the brain. —R.Z. Sheppard

Gentle Porn

LITTLE BIRDS: EROTICA

by Anaïs Nin.

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich
146 pages, \$8.95

Anaïs Nin was an indefatigable diarist, a sometime poet, novelist and Spanish dancer, a Boswellian collector of literary friends and a flamboyant promoter of her small but genuine talents. Ironically, her death two years ago at age 73 preceded by only a few months the general fame she had courted so long. The source of this attention was a cache of erotic stories she had written, for cash, in the early 1940s; her patron was an anonymous collector who told her to "leave out the poetry and descriptions of anything but sex" and paid her a dollar a page. Published posthumously under the title *Delta of Venus*, these stories climbed the bestseller charts in mid-1977 and settled there for more than six months. Nearly a million paperback copies of the original have been sent out into the world.

Such success prompts repetition. No one should be surprised, therefore, to learn that there are still more sexual stories where *Delta of Venus* came from and that 13 of them are now being released as *Little Birds*. Although shorter and weaker than their predecessors, these newly uncovered tales radiate the same musty, hot-

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Anaïs Nin, circa 1964

Poaching on a male preserve.

house sensuality, and their appeal as literary curiosities seems equally strong. For in tackling explicitly sexual subjects, Nin was poaching on an established male preserve. Pornography in all its guises had almost always been written by men and for men. Not only was Fanny Hill no lady, she was not even a woman: she was the mouthpiece for John Cleland. Moll Flanders, another notable 18th century bawd, was of course the creation of Daniel Defoe. Nin recognized this problem, and her attempted solutions give *Little Birds* some historical value.

Occasionally she simply imitates men writers, particularly D.H. Lawrence, who was the subject of her first book. The Laurentian passages veer close to parody. "She was cutting, biting. She herself was like an impregnable virgin, though not puritanical or squeamish. She was open like a man, used lusty words, told bawdy stories, laughed about sex. But still she was impregnable to all."

More often, Nin's tone is languid, dreamy; she clutters her stage with *fin de siècle* props and elegant clothes. Her potential lovers meet in artist's studios or Parisian sidewalk cafes. Traditional pornography gets to the point quickly, setting out the sexual ABCs with no nonsense. Nin, however, lingers over the calligraphy; she works as hard keeping her partners apart as she does bringing them together.

But her biggest break with erotic conventions involves the introduction of impotence. This subject, needless to say, is the last thing a man wants to find in his porn. Yet some form of this failure figures in nearly all Nin's tales. A typical situation involves a husband who places his new wife so high on a ped-

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Books

estal that he cannot reach her to make love. Artists paint nude models instead of possessing them. Though these repeated male shortcomings may constitute a kind of sexual revenge, they also lend Nin's stories a plausibility missing in most erotica.

Successive Supreme Court decisions have left the issue of pornography hopelessly muddled, but it is difficult to imagine a community whose standards would be offended by Nin's tales. Read in the supposedly liberated '70s, these pictures from a stricter age take on a quaint charm. They are reminders that there was a time of garters and romantic assignments, an age when sex delighted not because it was healthy but because it was naughty.

—Paul Gray

Editors' Choice

FICTION: *Birdy*, William Wharton
Dubin's Lives, Bernard Malamud
Fielder's Choice, edited by Jerome Holtzman • *Good as Gold*, Joseph Heller • *SS-GB*, Len Deighton • *The Coup*, John Updike • *The Flounder*, Glinter Grass

NONFICTION: *A Distant Mirror*, Barbara W. Tuchman • *Albert Camus*, Herbert R. Lottman
American Singers, Whitney Balliett
In Memory Yet Green, Isaac Asimov
The Habit of Being, Letters of Flannery O'Connor, edited by Sally Fitzgerald • *Thoughts in a Dry Season*, Gerald Brenan • *To Build a Castle—My Life as a Dissenter*, Vladimir Bukovsky

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Overload*, Hailey (2)
2. *War and Remembrance*, Wouk (1)
3. *The Matarese Circle*, Ludlum
4. *Chesapeake*, Michener (3)
5. *Dubin's Lives*, Malamud (7)
6. *Evergreen*, Plain (4)
7. *Second Generation*, Fast (8)
8. *The Stories of John Cheever*, Cheever (6)
9. *SS-GB*, Deighton
10. *Good as Gold*, Heller

NONFICTION

1. *The Complete Scarsdale Medical Diet*, Tarnower & Baker (2)
2. *Lauren Bacall by Myself*, Bacall (1)
3. *Mommie Dearest*, Crawford (3)
4. *How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years*, Ruff (6)
5. *American Caesar*, Manchester (4)
6. *A Distant Mirror*, Tuchman (7)
7. *Linda Goodman's Love Signs*, Goodman (5)
8. *Sophia, Living and Loving*, Hotchner (8)
9. *In Search of History*, White (9)
10. *Woman to Woman*, Vanderbilt



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- May 8 • An evening with famed violinist Yehudi Menuhin
- May 15 • Carl Orff's spectacular oratorio 'Carmina Burana'
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...All pictures submitted must be previously unpublished.

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...This contest is subject to all local, state and federal regulations, & is void where prohibited or restricted by law.

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THE BELL JAR

Directed by Larry Peerce

Screenplay by Marjorie Kellogg

According to Woody Allen in *Annie Hall*, Sylvia Plath was "an interesting poetess whose tragic suicide was misrepresented as romantic by the college-girl mentality." True enough, but the college-girl mentality would be far preferable to the Hollywood intelligence on display in the film version of *The Bell Jar*. This movie transforms Plath's savagely autobiographical 1963 novel from a psychological nightmare into a kitsch daydream.

Plath's book, set in 1953, is about Esther Greenwood, an overachieving Seven Sisters undergraduate who careers into madness while spending the summer as a guest editor at a New York women's magazine. The movie is respectful to many of the plot details, but almost nothing else. Instead of Plath's tough, specific prose and wrenching internal soliloquies, Screenwriter Marjorie Kellogg offers flattened-out caricatures, banal mad scenes, idle mean-spiritedness and an insistent lesbian subtext. It is as if Virginia Woolf's *The Waves* had been rewritten by Jac-



Marilyn Hasset in *The Bell Jar*

Sylvia Plath meets Carrie.

queline Susann. Yet even Susann would have pumped a little zest into this act of literary desecration.

Some of Kellogg's alterations are shocking. Buddy (Jameson Parker), a well-meaning but silly suitor in the book, is now a dolt who tries to force himself

sexually on Esther. Jay Cee (Barbara Barrie), Esther's boss at *Ladies' Day* magazine, has been changed into an anti-intellectual closet homosexual. Even the genuinely seamy scenes in the novel, including Esther's suicide attempt, have been augmented by cheap effects that destroy their original credibility.

Larry Peerce (*Goodbye, Columbus*) directs the script for all it is worth, which is not much. The cinematography is shadowy, washed out and at times misfocused. The editing is so jangled that it is occasionally unclear where a scene is taking place. Esther's shrieking bouts are often accompanied by creepy music that would be more appropriate to *Carrie*.

Except for Mary Louise Weller, who is funny and sexy as Esther's Southern pal Doreen, the cast is ineffectual. Hasset is a catastrophe. Though this 30-year-old actress is playing a heroine in her early 20s, she has been made up to look around 38. Her monologues about death come across as the self-dramatizing tirades of a spoiled brat; her poetry readings sound like the speeches of a candidate for student council office. It says a lot about Hasset's performance that half an hour into *The Bell Jar*, one is tempted to start rooting for Esther Greenwood to do herself in.

—Frank Rich

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Manager Zimmer contemplates the year to come, while Yastrzewski relaxes in the dugout, and Fisk stretches and strains to get into shape

Sport

Once Again into the Breach

The Boston Red Sox resume the chase of the Yankees

Don Zimmer stakes out the morning sun and sweeps his eyes across the deserted ballpark. October has given way to spring, the quirky confines of Fenway Park to the symmetry of a Florida practice field ringed with orange trees. "All winter long, I kept seeing Bucky Dent," the Boston Red Sox manager says. He squints once, hard, and the memory rolls in again: Dent, the ninth man in the New York Yankee lineup lofting a fly ball over the towering left field wall in Fenway, crushing Boston's pennant hopes in a one-game, winner-take-all play-off. "I'm watching TV, and I see Bucky Dent. I'm lying in bed trying to go to sleep, and I see Bucky Dent. I wake up in the middle of the night, and I see Bucky Dent." Another squint, a squirt of tobacco juice and Zimmer returns to spring. "But that was last year. I'm not a guy who makes predictions, but we've got a good ball club. We'll be in a pennant race again."

Such are the forever greening hopes of a new baseball season, and the warming sun can even stir confidence in the team that always seems to be chasing the New York Yankees, and always just falling short. Last year's collapse, blowing a 14-game lead, was of such epic proportions that it already is part of the game's lore, but the Sox insist, perhaps too strongly, that the past is dead. In his 19th major league spring, Carl Yastrzewski looks back on the year that got away and declares: "I forgot about it a couple of hours after we got beat. Optimism is what spring training is for." And First Baseman George Scott, slimmed down and eager, adds a springtime aphorism of his own: "New years bring new things."

Unfortunately, the off-season may not have brought enough new things to push the Red Sox past New York. Boston's winter trades disposed of Bill Lee, resident flake and longtime starting pitcher (94 wins, 68 losses), and picked up four minor players who can, at best, be counted on as utility men. Meanwhile, the Yankees, true to their big-spending ways, obtained two more front-line pitchers: the Dodgers' Tommy John and, unkindest cut of all, Boston's Luis Tiant. Ageless and irrepensible, Tiant was a favorite of Boston fans and a stopper for crucial games; typically, it was Tiant who threw the shut-out that tied the Yanks on the last day of the season. More important, he was the heart of the Red Sox clubhouse, the only man who could make his teammates laugh while their world crumbled about them. The Red Sox were mystified and angry when their front office let the old magician go.

Ironically, the player Boston kept stirred as much or more trouble on the team than the one that got away. The Sox awarded American League M.V.P. Jim Rice a new seven-year contract reportedly worth \$5.4 million, and all this despite a policy against renegotiating standing deals. Yastrzewski (estimated salary: \$300,000) was so angered by the special treatment given the slugger that he threatened to sit out the season. He relented at the last moment, then last week worked out a deal that reportedly will pay him \$600,000 a year in 1980 and 1981. There were other rumblings: All-Star Shortstop Rick Burleson openly challenged management's shortsighted and penny-pinching policies. Said he: "The Yankees have more talent than we do now. That's because our owners let us down."

The Red Sox already have problems. Third Baseman Butch Hobson is recovering from elbow surgery. All-Star Catcher Carlton Fisk also has elbow trouble and can neither swing nor throw without pain. During one brief stint in the batting cage, he repeatedly nestled his arm against his side between pitches, while Ted Williams talked softly to him: "Take it easy. You don't have to rip the ball yet, just swing easy."

The presence of Williams at the training camp in Winter Haven is in itself an ironic symbol of Boston's frustrations. Even his splendid bat could not offset the perennial Red Sox weaknesses of a lean bench and thin pitching. Nothing has changed: Boston still has the bats but not the arms. Top Reliever Bill Campbell has yet to shake the shoulder problem that crippled him last year, and his absence from the bullpen could once again keep Bob Stanley from starting. Boston must find at least two new first-line pitchers, but eight of the nine minor leaguers battling for a place have a total of just 15 innings of major-league experience.

Millionaire Jim Rice sums up Boston's plight: "Our starting nine is the best in baseball, but we need some guys who can come off the bench and take over. If we leave spring training with a couple of injuries to key guys, we could be dead already."

But like the morning fog, gloomy assessments burn off under the clear Florida sun. Yastrzewski will be 40 before the season ends, yet he still frolics after fun-goes with the glee of a small boy. On the final swing for Boston last year, Yaz popped up to end the play-off game with the Yankees. This year, recalls Zimmer, "he broke his bat the first day in batting practice—the first swing of the spring." The Boston manager considers the moment. "Fortunately, I don't believe in omens."

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